JOHN BULL, JULY 12, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

No. 1256.
Vol. XLVIII.

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It was Father who first discovered "232" Flannel—and of course, the Boys take after Father! There's nothing like flannel for men who appreciate style *and* free-and-easy comfort—and there's no flannel like "232."

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BOYS AND YOUTHS (Ages 12-17)

Trousers	13/9
S.B. Blazer and Trousers	32/6
D.B. Blazer and Trousers (Illustrated)	35/6
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D.B. Jacket and Shorts	23/6
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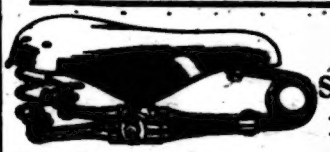

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TURN to the HARRY TAILORING advt. on page 12. Free patterns of Suitings are offered.

SEND for SELFRIDGE'S illustrated CYCLE LIST advertised on page 22.

READERS' attention is drawn to the BRAYTON JEWELLERY offer on page 27. A unique Free Insurance is announced. All readers should send for a free copy of the illustrated Ring Book, which can be obtained on request. Mention *John Bull* when replying.

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SEND a postcard to the address in the "SUCHARD" CHOCOLATE advt. on page 28, for full particulars of a simple Slogan Competition in which Cash Prizes are offered.

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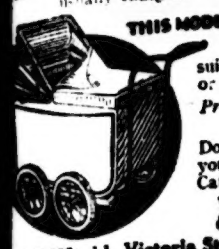

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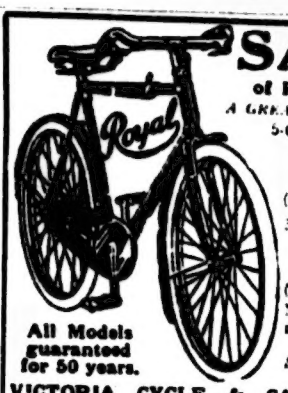

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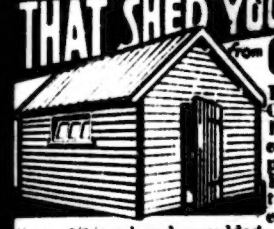

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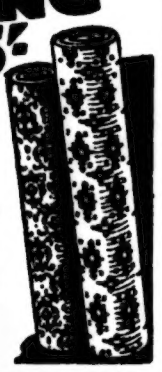

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for Week ending Saturday, July 12, 1930. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

A New Scotland Yard Sensation

We Pay for the World!

Fraud in the Jam-Pot

ALARMING rumours have reached us of legal action threatened against the authorities by a Civil Servant recently attached to Scotland Yard.

The story of abuses there and the charges of corruption made against highly-placed men are of a nature so serious as to require public refutation if that is possible.

We have reason to believe that the case will soon come before the courts, whichever side initiates proceedings.

Haunted M.P.s

The prospect of a summer holiday of two and a half months haunts the minds of M.P.s (not all of them Government supporters) who are anxious to get on with the nation's business.

Keen back-benchers are disgusted that they should be idle for so long in the case of emergency legislation such as unemployment.

They have consolation in the fact, however, that the Select Committee which is to investigate Parliamentary procedure in October may, instead of tinkering with the old engine, build a new one.

Mosey Parkersky!

M. Agavekoff, an Ogpu agent in Egypt, has just thrown up his job and is selling revelations to the world's Press.

He states that he had access to all confidential correspondence between the British High Commissioner and the Foreign Office, and he derides the simplicity of officials.

In fairness to our Civil Service, we commend this statement to Mr. Henderson for investigation by his special committee on Russian Propaganda.

More League luminaries

The Secretariat of the League of Nations has decided to recommend a substantial increase in its own staff.

The creation of no fewer than five new Assistant-Under-Secretaryships is contemplated.

This is the result of persistent complaints by the smaller States that too few of the highly paid posts are allotted to their nationals.

Great Britain, which pays the lion's share of the expenses of the League, may thus be called upon to provide handsomely for unemployed Balkan politicians.

Biggest Yet

The big chemical groups are at last on the eve of realising their old ambition of achieving an international cartel, which will mean the elimination of practically all competition.

Such a world combination was first proposed several years ago, but broke down owing to rivalry between the British group—Imperial Chemical Industries—and the German chemical combine, I.G. Farbenindustrie.

Now these two have settled their differences.

* * *

The big chemical groups have a very close alliance with the great oil combines, and soon may see the world's supplies of chemicals, petroleum and synthetic petrol carefully controlled by a comparatively small group of men with enormous powers.

"Collaring" the parishes

Mr. J. Chuter Ede, M.P., is right in his protest against important legislation affecting the Church of England being slipped through the Commons late at night when adequate debate is almost impossible.

"He is right"

A typical example concerned the Pluralites Measure, 1930.

Inadequate pay has bred a shortage of clergy, to meet which it is proposed to extend the system of giving one parson two or more benefices.

The principle of giving one man two jobs to keep him above the poverty-line ought not to be encouraged by any Church. Widespread antagonism will be the sequel.

Hot coal tactics

The German State Railways' decision to reduce freight rates for export coal is a serious blow to our languishing coal industry.

It is tantamount to a Government subsidy of—in some areas—5s. a ton.

Owing to the low wages paid to German miners, Anglo-German trade rivalry in coal is already on an unfair basis. The new subsidy will increase our handicap.

If the Anglo-German trade agreement does not protect our most vital industries it should be scrapped and a new one made.

Your daily bread

An agricultural proposal to which Dr. Addison, the new Minister, is giving close attention is the fixing of a definite percentage of British wheat to be used in the loaf.

He thinks that this might be done without violating any fiscal principles held on the Government benches, and that it would not cut across any of our commercial treaties with other countries.

Whilst giving a practically guaranteed market for the British farmer, he believes that it would not increase the price of bread.

An announcement may be expected in the near future.

What you say goes

The political experts will take a lively interest in JOHN BULL's Food-Tax Referendum Competition, details of which we give on another page.

This is the first serious effort since the war to find out what the present generation of voters really does think of Free Trade and Protection. Tariffs have not been a straight election issue for twenty years.

A decisive vote by our readers will have a profound influence on Party programmes. So don't neglect to fill in your coupon. It is of real national interest, and it costs nothing.

Turnips for tea

What is labelled "strawberry jam" does not always these days consist of strawberries and sugar.

Frequently it is nearly all fruit or vegetable pulp, with a few strawberries added in sweet auto-suggestion.

The National Farmers' Union is seeing whether it is possible to compel manufacturers to state on the label the contents of all jams, with the percentage of fruit used.

The commercial committee of the union now has the matter actively in hand.

Pop goes the weasel!

The Public Works Loan Commissioners have just had to write off from their assets thousands of pounds lost on loans to farmers under the Agricultural Credits Act, 1923.

The surprising thing about their accounts is the extent to which farms were overvalued.

Here is an outstanding case. In 1925, £8,100 was loaned to Mr. William Grewcock on two farms of 385½ acres at Ibstock, Leicestershire, which the Inland Revenue Department had valued in 1924 at £10,800.

* * *

When Mr. Grewcock went out of business in 1928 the Commissioners took possession and sold the farms—for £6,500! Their net loss on this transaction was £2,050.

Two millions wanted

It is now practically certain that when the Government reintroduces the School-leaving Age Bill next session it will yield to the back-benchers' demand for maintenance allowances on a more generous basis.

The scale talked of, though satisfactory in its amount—5s. a week—is accompanied by such an income limit as will rule out scores of thousands of working-class families.

* * *

The Government has until October to consider its new scheme, but the proposals put before it by the rank and file M.P.s will cost at least another £2,000,000 a year.

Another exploration of "Mount Snowden"!

Abyss-inia

Surprise is occasioned by the news that the first official visit of a British prince to Abyssinia will be paid by the Duke of Gloucester for the coronation of King Tafari.

Why send the Duke?

Why has this dusky potentate been singled out for such a signal favour from our Royal Family?

His country is distinguished as a land in which the most abominable child-slavery still exists, as has been plainly exposed by Lady Simon.

Is it really necessary to flatter a crowned barbarian simply because his realm borders on the Sudan?

Lording it

It is difficult to understand why the Lords should have insisted on their Coal Bill amendment relating to the spread-over of hours, apart from a desire to create mischief and friction in the coalfields.

As it was finally framed it was certainly useless to the colliery-owners, in view of federation opposition, except as a means of trying to split the miners during the four months before the seven-and-a-half-hour day takes effect.

* * *

Retention of the amendment would simply open the way to insistent propaganda when the need is to avoid further distractions and get on with the job of reorganising the industry.

"JOHN BULL'S" NET PAID SALES

THE DIRECTORS,
MESSRS. ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

We have examined the Company's Accounts and Records relating to the undermentioned issues of JOHN BULL and certify that the Net Sales (exclusive of all free copies), after deducting Returns received during the week of each issue, were as set out below:

Apl.	5	1,385,510	May	17	1,361,190
,,	12	1,380,681	,,	24	1,353,187
,,	19	1,375,303	,,	31	1,353,786
,,	26	1,372,650	June	7	1,358,381
May	3	1,364,248	,,	14	1,366,473
,,	10	1,362,323	,,	21	1,374,883
			June	28 ..	1,371,509

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) FRANKLIN, WILD & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

Orient House, 42-45, New Broad St., London, E.C.2.
July 3, 1930.

War still on

When a man dies as a result of war service his children and widow should not be left in poverty, even if the marriage took place after his discharge.

We stated this case in a recent leading article, and in the last few days it has been pressed on the Ministry of Pensions by Commander Kenworthy, M.P.

Mr. Roberts, however, sticks to the letter of the Royal Warrants, and says there is no chance of amending them.

They must be amended. The omission of such provision is clearly unjust. We do not accept Mr. Roberts' reply as closing this question.

Death by inches

Kerbs at least 6 in. high may soon be required by the Ministry of Transport as a condition of approving new roads and alterations.

The average height of kerbs now—2 in. or 3 in.—is quite inadequate to prevent cars which get out of control from mounting footpaths.

Recent big increases in the number of deaths from such accidents make this provision imperative.

Arthur's their uncle

British fishermen are delighted with the temporary agreement which Mr. Arthur Henderson has concluded with Russia regarding fishing in Soviet waters.

Thousands of square miles of fishing-grounds off the Murman coast and in the White Sea, hitherto closed to them, have now been opened.

They can now cast their nets within three miles of the Russian coast and also in the entrance to the White Sea, where, before the war, big hauls of plaice, dab and haddock were made.

Good for Ulster

Our constant agitation for the establishment of a Court of Criminal Appeal in Northern Ireland has been rewarded.

A Bill is before the Westminster Parliament to enable such a court to be set up and operate in March next.

Ulster will therefore be brought into line with other parts of the kingdom. Moreover, no extra expense will be incurred by virtue of extra judges, for the court is to be constituted from those of the present panel, who are by no means overworked.

New slums for old

Slums are being formed rapidly in South Shields. Many large houses in these newly scheduled "unhealthy districts" are let to tenants who sub-let to several families at an average rate of 6s. a room.

Why not schedule these districts as "healthy," recondition the houses, and let them in tenements to working-class families under the control of the local authority?

The home wreckers

Edmonton's Council annoys us.

A tenant of one of its houses lost his wife, and wanted his mother to live with him and tend his little invalid daughter.

After getting the approval of the estate supervisor, the old father and mother gave up their controlled house, and went to live with their son.

* * *

And now the council says that the tenant must not "sub-let," and the old people must be turned out.

This is a shabby trick, Edmonton.

Only a bullock

We trust that the revolting cruelty to a bullock which broke its leg while being driven on board the L.M.S. *Duke of Lancaster* in Donegal Quay, Belfast, will never be repeated.

The poor beast was prodded, pushed, and beaten to make it climb the gangplank on three legs. Then a rope was put round its neck and hauled.

Finally it was slung on to a derrick by a raw rope under its stomach, and so, with its dangling leg, it was pushed and pulled and lifted to the top of the gangway.

What sort of men did this?

"If You See It—" *continued*

Kindness to cads

The Leeds magistrate who sent Benjamin Cheetham, of Ellerby Lane, Leeds, to prison for a mere four months in the second division dispensed justice with kid gloves on.

This beast Cheetham had given his baby son, aged two years and ten months, fifty or sixty strokes with a strap, so that the babe's back was one huge bruise.

What is the "cat" for, we wonder?

Then home to dinner

Judge Rowland Rowlands can know little of the conditions in Mountain Ash, to speak acidly as he did when a defendant pleaded that, with four children, he got only 34s. unemployment pay.

"Perhaps he regretted it"

Within a distance of four miles there are seven collieries. Three have been closed down for years. Four are working very short time. It is a black spot of unemployment.

And Judge Rowlands should spare his remarks about men who "have no intention to work again."

But perhaps he regretted it as he drove home to the dinner others go without.

Scrap it

How much longer will London's women police have to bear the burden of that ugly and embarrassing uniform that is a cross between the raiment of Charley's Aunt and a Victorian midwife?

Little wonder that a well-known magistrate referred to it the other day as a "disguise." It certainly camouflages all that is womanly in the appearance of what, after all, is a fine body of women.

Small boys do not throw stones, but the unkind comments passed on the hideous outfit would make a carrot blush.

Improvement has been promised. Why the delay?

Still contemptible?

So long as this mangled law of drinking hours continues, injustice is bound to happen. But there should be a certain balance in the injustice.

At Oldham Police Court, Reuben Pocock, of "The Cricketers" inn, Hartley Witney, was fined £2 for a plain case of serving drink in restricted hours. The Bench hoped it would not injure him with the brewers.

At Aldershot, Sidney Aldridge, the secretary, and Albert W. Martin, the steward of the Old Contemptibles' Club (a working-men's club), were fined respectively £20 and £10, not for serving drinks, but merely for allowing the remains of drinks to be consumed a few minutes after hours.

The law might at least be an intelligent ass.

Saved

The Workmen's Compensation (Silicosis) Bill has escaped the end-of-the-session slaughter. Mr. MacDonald has decided that it shall pass into law.

Under this Bill workmen affected by asbestosis (caused by the inhaling of asbestos dust) will be compensated, and the next step must be better methods of prevention.

It also provided for an elaborate medical service scheme for 100,000 workers in industries subject to such diseases. They will be regularly examined by specialists.

We're getting on.

Doorstep demons

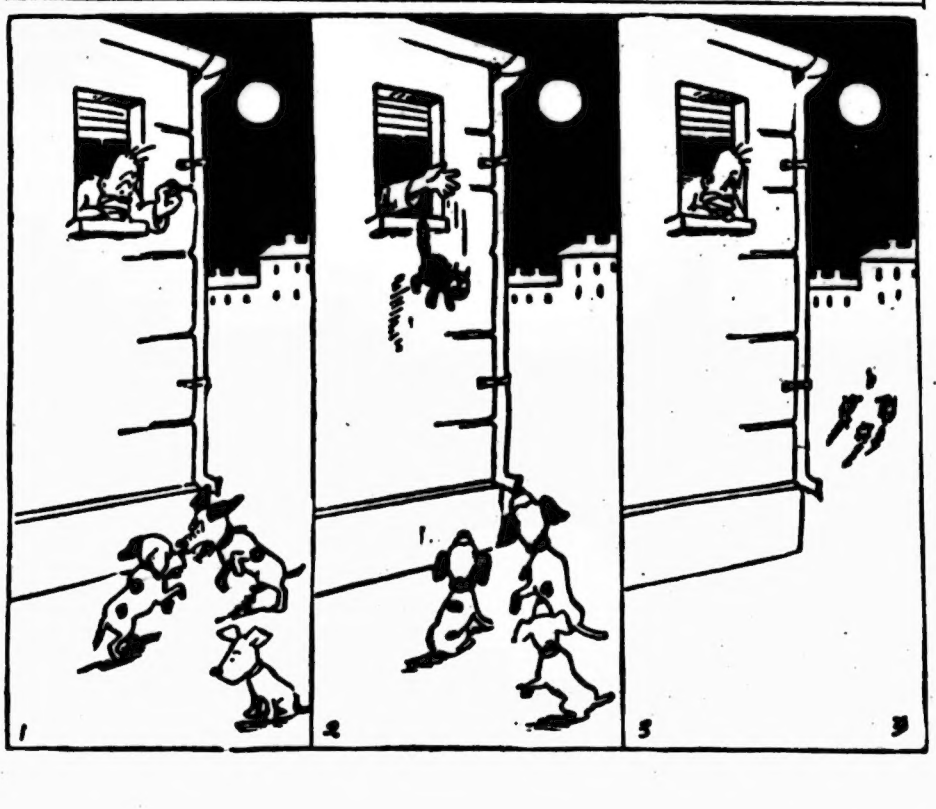
Many housewives in the suburban districts of our towns and cities are living in a state bordering on terror.

All sorts of sinister characters, in the guise of pedlars and canvassers, are continually knocking while the breadwinner is away at work.

A threatening demeanour often compels nervous women to make unwanted purchases, and cases of assault and robbery have been frequent.

The police must keep a closer watch for these doorstep demons.

ADAMSON— —S'cattered!



A common cheat

A plausible young man, with a broad Scottish accent, has been rooking people at Clapham Common. It is a cruel fraud.

He sells tickets for a draw "in aid of the Shaftesbury Homes for Crippled Children."

People who subscribe are visited again and told they have won substantial prizes. Five shillings more is collected.

The victims are assured that Messrs. Selfridges are dealing with the prize money, and that their representative will hand over the cheque in a few days.

And that's the end of it.

Old-age penalty

Dr. J. S. Crone, the Willesden magistrate, is not a bad fellow.

There was an ejectment order sought against a woman of over eighty. Her income was her 10s. a week old-age pension. The rent of her one room had been 5s., but to get her out the landlady raised it to 7s. 6d.

"Not a bad fellow"

Dr. Crone refused the order, and said he had every sympathy with the woman, who said, "God be praised!"

And so say we. But what's going to happen to the old lady now?

She will certainly require some special consideration at her great age.

Very dry farce

South Staffordshire Draining Commissioners charge a levy on all coal raised in this area.

But pumping has permanently ceased, so that the mines are continuing to pay for work which is not being done.

The obligation to pay rests on an obsolete private Act of Parliament which can only be undone by a fresh Act.

With the present press of Parliamentary business this very dry farce must continue.

Two dogs

Frank Wakefield, of Rosebery Street, Wolverhampton, is lucky.

He beat a dog so brutally that its mouth bled, its jaw was bruised, its eye swollen, and its ribs were sore. It was found howling with pain and had to be destroyed.

At Wolverhampton the stipendiary fined Wakefield £4 and £3 8s. costs. He said that if Wakefield had been in a better position the penalty would have been more.

More money? Why not a dose of the brute's own medicine?

Food for thought

Too few cooks are causing the trouble this time.

Haslar Royal Hospital for Sailors had, for a time, only two cooks for duty with the sick-berth staff. The recent addition of a third still leaves the work excessive.

* * *

In No. 1 gallery Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, out of a staff of twenty-two, fourteen are either sick or undergoing outside training, leaving only eight to attempt the work. In No. 2 gallery, officers' cooks have been called in to assist.

This state of affairs is not fair to the naval cooks, nor the ratings' digestions.

"Bitter Sweet," Noel Coward's operette, which will have run a year on July 18, would make a fine talkie

COUGH CURE for Talkies

by C. B. Cochran

No one can place a surer finger on the pulse of a sick branch of the entertainment industry than Mr. Cochran.

JOHN BULL *invited him to examine the condition of talking pictures, and this is his diagnosis. Linking up with this statement is an interesting discussion on "Talkies v. Silent Films," in our "Letter Parliament."*

CONTROVERSIALISTS and partisans may exercise their imaginations and their loyalties as they please in the matter of the silent versus the talking picture.

When they have exhausted their ingenuity, there will remain the one vital issue. It is that the talking picture will survive only in popularity according to the extent that producers understand and cater for their market.

Yes, the talkie will last. But it will not be the Juggernaut which will roll over and crush the theatre.

There is a crisis in the health of the kinema.

Booed and scorned

WE are aware that not infrequently of late talking pictures have been booed by audiences or received in that deep silence which betokens worse than lack of appreciation—contempt and disgust.

And those reports of rows of empty seats and dwindling revenues are not the rumours of hostility and prejudice. I have tested the position in many places and at different hours.

Always, of late, my experiences have been similar on these missions of enquiry—in one kinema theatre there is an overflowing audience, and in another hall round the corner the box-office is idle.

Of what are these things symptomatic?

Simply that since the advent of the talkie, its producers and exhibitors have come on all fours with and are sharing the experiences of their *confreres* of the legitimate theatre.

The talkie producer is now in the unenviable situation with which I and my professional brethren have been faced all our lives.

He spends an enormous sum of money only to find that his production is a failure on the first night.

He is trying to produce a new kind of play that will appeal to all classes and many nationalities. In my view, the task is insuperable and impossible.

Audiences are the juries. Their verdict has been plain, definite, and unmistakable.

The fault is, of course, that the kinema-going public has had to depend so long on a central source of supply.

America is attempting to produce from 800 to 1,000 talking films yearly to appeal equally to London, New York, and Wigan. It cannot be done.

The impossibility of the effort is further apparent from the different receptions which are given to one film in different parts of one country.

Only this week I had to give a sympathetic ear to the moans of a British provincial exhibitor who had bought the rights for his town of an American film which was ecstatically boosted in London, and which won all along the line there.

I was not surprised, of course, to learn that his receipts at the opening were £330. Nor to learn that, on the second night, after the film had been discussed in the town, the revenue was only £24.

Talking-film production must become local and parochial. Films must be manufactured in Britain for British consumption, and different classes of films must be made for different classes of audiences, just as we do in the theatre with plays.

I am not alone in this view now. In recent weeks, since the kinema crisis became obvious to all, I have discussed the trouble with many leaders of the picture industry. They agree that my method of cure is the correct one.

If they administer the medicine, I recommend and guarantee the hour of opportunity will have arrived for British film producers, whose comparatively small capital has been expended on experiment.

The tiresome "can"

MOST seriously, and with a deep knowledge of the facts, do I give this warning.

It is that the film magnates of America have also come to realise that localisation of production alone will save the talkie.

If we do not act swiftly and decisively they will soon be in Britain manufacturing films here for British consumption.

No longer is the film a commodity like canned peas that can be packed at a central depôt and sent out for general consumption.

Directly the film producers began to play with speech they became showmen. Until then they had been manufacturers of a universal product.

Therefore, the talking film has become less of an opponent to the legitimate theatre than the silent film. But, to achieve what measure of success is open to showmen, its producers must understand the lessons of the theatre.

In the silent picture, for instance, a player made love. If he made love well, the appeal was mutual to the highbrow and the lowbrow. People in the audience interpreted the actor's emotions in their own words.

In the talking picture the two-syllable actor puts his own words into the mouth of the lover. He is manufacturing his words as he goes on, and the reaction, just as in the theatre, must be different on different types of audiences.

What would happen if an attempt was made to translate into words the actions of our greatest film stars, whose appeal in the silent picture is international and universal?

Bad patches

WHAT, for example, could possibly be the relative language to express a heroic gesture by Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, or the actions of Mr. Charles Chaplin, who, in clowningly kicking someone from behind, can portray a veritable work of art?

I revel in this situation which the infant talkie has brought about. It has invaded my own ground, and I thrill to the challenge of its growth.

It is generally assumed that the theatrical manager is a fool who does not know his business. The best of us make tremendous mistakes.

Occasionally we are like Hobbs in a Test Match, and score a single or a duck, but emerge at the end of the season with a fair average.

Let it be presumed, therefore, that we do know our business. But with all our knowledge and experience we rarely produce a play with a universal appeal.

How, then, can the mass manufacturers of films in America possibly hope to produce a thousand successes yearly for the English-speaking world alone?

They are now four-square with the theatre, and they cannot work miracles which are beyond men who have devoted their lives to the theatre.

The futility of the attempt ought to be apparent, from the simple fact that not 1 per cent. of America's stage plays make money in Britain.

I sympathise, of course, with those enterprising men who have built mammoth talking-picture theatres in every town and suburb, and who cannot now induce audiences to fill them.

Their difficulties will level themselves out in time, even if the vigorous reform of the talkie entertainment is not immediately undertaken.

There is an enormous demand for garage accommodation.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

A *Smile* at the BEAM

Peril in the Baths—Making Child Criminals—Widows Rejoice, but—

Rt. Hon. Lord INVERFORTH,
Imperial and Internat. Communications

MY LORD,—I note that you and your fellow-directors take a very pessimistic view of the profit-sharing prospects of the wireless-cable combine under existing conditions, and that in a brief period the company's stocks have slumped to the extent of £4,500,000.

By "existing conditions" you mean Mr. Lees Smith at the Post Office ready to defend the interests of the public against those of the combine.

And no doubt it *is* hard luck. The late Government showed itself (shall we say?) so sympathetic. It gave you a twenty-five-years' lease of its valuable beam service, and it seemed your enterprises were secure.

But, alas! Mr. Lees Smith keeps your hands off the Government overseas telephone services, and so, much to your distress, your cable services are forced to compete. And you would-be monopolists do so hate competition.

The hornet has stung you. And the taxpayer will not be asked to find your dividends. I don't see why he should.

JOHN BULL.

SIR G. NEWMAN, K.C.B., M.D.
Chief Medical Officer of Health

SIR,—Something should be done, and done quickly, concerning the complaints which are being made in certain parts of the country about the abundance of unchanged and polluted water in many of the open-air baths frequented by children and adults.

In some cases the water remains unchanged for a fortnight, during which time thousands of people bathe.

The water becomes a breeding-ground for bacteria.

Can no general system of purification be rigidly enforced?

JOHN BULL.

Councillor MARSHALL,
Glasgow Corporation

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—I note with satisfaction that during the present month all children under fifteen will be allowed to travel on corporation tramcars for a maximum fare of one penny. That's fine.

And I am glad you are going a step further, and have moved that schoolchildren should be able to travel the stages for a halfpenny.

While we permit slums to disgrace our cities, it is the duty of all corporations to see that slum children have a chance of getting into green fields.

Splendid! Now go on, and abolish the slums.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. HAMLIN,
22, May St., East Ardsley, Wakefield

DEAR SIR,—You are a true citizen, and a practical Christian.

When your wife came home cured from hospital two or three years ago, you were not content to give thanks and have done with it.

No, you were an ordinary worker, without funds to donate. But by years of ceaseless effort, in social functions, whist-drives, flag-days, and so on, you have collected and given to the hospital the sum of £1,000. And you mean to get more.

What a brave example! You are a fine fellow.

I am sure your wife and your town are proud of you.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—The report of the Commissioners of Prisons on the manner in which children and young people are sentenced in courts must give you deep concern.

It appears quite clearly young people are being sent to prison when they should be dealt with under the probation act or sent to Borstal.

Time after time I have called your attention to cruel instances of this sort, mainly the result of the incompetence of amateur magistrates.

Deal with the amateur bench and let us have stipendiaries.

JOHN BULL.

Lord STRATHSPEY,
32, Pembridge Square, London, W.

MY LORD,—It appears to me that your suggested alternative to a censorship of books is likely to meet with more approval from authors and publishers of nasty books than from lovers of English literature pure and undefiled.

A body without power to ban books, merely advising whether they are fit for publication or not, would be worse than useless.

It is conceivable that publishers would then boom banned books as best-sellers, just as certain theatrical producers gleefully announce the presentation of plays that have been banned by the Censor.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. W. R. THOMAS,
Walton Vicarage, Yorks

REV. SIR,—I am glad to find a clergyman of the Established Church standing up so manfully for the poor and unrespectable. You praised a gipsy because he would not have his child buried as a pauper, and you condemned the undertaker who refused to conduct the burial.

As you say, it is a cold world for the poor and needy. And it is good to have Christ's local representative on their side.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. GREENWOOD, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR MR. GREENWOOD,—There is rejoicing in the hearts of nearly a hundred and twenty thousand widows between sixty and seventy years of age who have now become entitled to a pension of ten shillings a week.

But why have you allowed your staff to set them such a formidable task in establishing their claims?

They must fill up a form with answers to twenty-eight questions. And before filling up the form they must read "Leaflet W.P.5."

What does that stand for? Waste paper, I should imagine, for such a catechism is preposterous.

JOHN BULL.

Inspector JOHN PEARCE,
Sheffield City Police

DEAR INSPECTOR,—In your gold-medal essay on the co-operation between police and public you talk a good deal of sense and a good deal of tosh.

Undoubtedly it is the duty of the private citizen to give evidence when called upon.

But with the zealous informer and the amateur police nark I have no sympathy. It is natural for decent people to feel for the fugitive, and to blush when some dirty spy gets the praise of the Bench.

As for your proposed strafe on trashy novels—that's all bunkum.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

EARL OF LYTTON: "That which matters most in school life is not what you do, but what you are."

Not what you are, but what you mean to be.

* * *

COMMISSIONER LAMB: "Hard drinking and drunkenness are not now the greatest social evils."

They never were. They were a sign that some men had too little to do, and others too little to eat.

* * *

SIR ERNEST BENN: "Politics is the art of looking for trouble."

With some leading politicians it is a gift.

* * *

SIR FRANCIS COLCHESTER-WEMYSS: "Our forebears have handed down to us meals which leave very little to be desired."

There is not much prospect of the rising generation getting fat on what their forefathers have eaten.

Not from the B.B.C.—The New York State Athletic Commission Glee-Singers in

A FOUL'S *as* GOOD *as a* FIGHT

AS guardians of the art we hold so high
Of self-defence,
Our moves, we'll tell the world, are governed by
Plain common-sense.

Foul blows too numerous by far have been
In fights of late;
This menace, so that boxing shall be clean,
Must we abate.

The problem we have settled without fuss,
You must agree;
Since in all future fights controlled by us
No fouls there'll be.

At one fell swoop we thus have done away
With boxing's blight!
Each fight will be henceforth in U.S.A.
A foul-less fight!

Since wise guys have been spilling a mouthful of criticism, saying that fouls are bringing our fights into disrepute, we've taken the only logical course—we've abolished the goldarn things.

We've made a rule that in future fights there'll be no such things as fouls. If some weak-kneed, white-livered, yellow-streaked son of a ten-cent pop-gun goes out to a blow beneath the place where the belt used to

be, then, sure, the fight and the dollars will go to the husky guy who laid him low.

The trouble with boxing is that it has become too darned effeminate—a sort of parlour game for co-ed frails on a wet Sunday afternoon when the supply of rye whisky has given out and petting and necking have become a bore.

If the fights staged under our auspices are to compete in popularity with those conducted under bootlegging rules in Chicago, we've gotter put the "ox" in "boxing."

Mind you, though, we mean to give every man a fair run for our money. Humane killing is what we aim at; and that is why we have given our blessing to a high-class line in abdominal shields, which all fighters will wear.

So our armour-plated boxers will now rank on terms of equality with our super-padded baseball players and foot-brawlers.

What we are out to do is to restore virility to what was once a manly sport, give a fair field to the boys of the Sharkey breed, and make the boxing world fit for Neros to live in.

"Bash 'em and smash 'em!" is what we say,
For fouls don't count in the U.S.A.
Slosh out hard, with the will to slay,
Battering, butting and breaking!
Go to the bull and observe his style;
Study the way of the ape a while;
Learn the cause of the tiger's smile—
And the purse will be yours for the taking!

Trick 'em and kick 'em from pillar to post;
Hit 'em hard where they'll feel it most,
Gorge them and gouge till they yield the ghost,
All tactics effeminate scorning!
Biff 'em to blazes—and blow the belt!
See that the force of your fouls is felt!
Deal out the dirt as it should be dealt—
And we'll send for the corpse in the morning!

There are Forty Others

THIS week we propose to introduce our readers to an interesting personage named Harry Mitzman.

It is possible that some may ave already encountered him to their orrow, though in another name, for e prefers to pass as "Mr. Victor ilton."

The discovery of his true identity only one of many that have resulted om our recent investigations.

To the general public Mr. Victor ilton likes to present an impressive ray of titles.

He not infrequently describes himelf as "*The* famous London Ophthalic Optician," while most of his rinted matter shows the letters Q.O.B.E." after his name.

The latter does not, as some might magine, indicate some rare variation f the Order of the British Empire, ut represents a title concocted by ilton, who occupies a very prominent osition amongst eyesight specialists of is class.

Bluff degree

It is held to mean "Qualified optician y experience," and the sort of experince Mr. Hilton has had will soon be ade apparent.

Meanwhile, it will suffice to say that he "degree" is quite unrecognised mongst genuine opticians.

Mr. Hilton has had three London eadquarters of late, and our line of nquiry has taken us to Bevington oad, Kensington; to Bridge Street, ile End, E., and to Pond Road, Blackeath, S.E.

At all these haunts he has contrived o mask his activities in obscurity; but ut of town he becomes anything but etiring, and travels from place to lace with a bombastic fanfare.

His impending arrival in a new disrict is always heralded by flood of four-page leaflets xtolling his greatness.

A quotation from Shakeeare — "He that is tricken blind cannot forget the precious treasure f his eyesight lost"—races these leaflets, which uggests that Mr. Victor Hilton is a kind-hearted enefactor.

He is described as a public school and univerity man," visiting the elected town for "the enefit of the inhabitants," who are urged to seize this great opportunity" f consulting a renowned specialist.

Advertisements in local newspapers, unningly disguised to resemble eulogistic reports, announce the address of his temporary consulting-rooms, the date of arrival, and the period of this Samaritan's stay.

Cunning showmanship

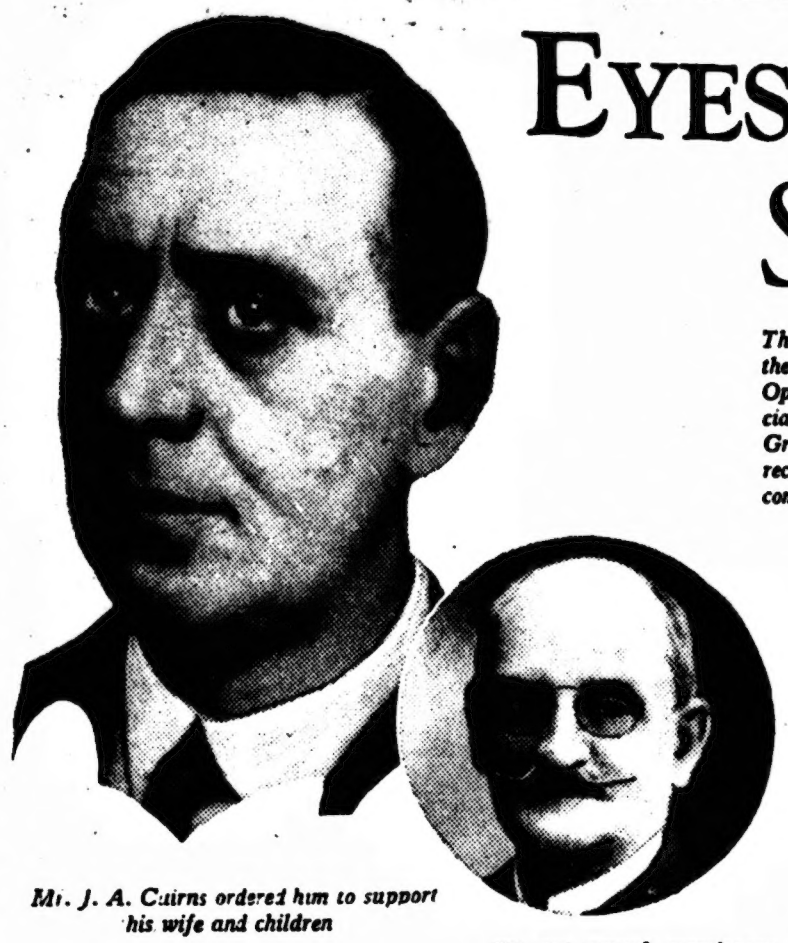
This is typical of his preliminary propaganda, which is mere showmanship, designed to ensnare eye-sufferers, whose afflictions he intends to exploit for personal profit.

For Mr. Victor Hilton has no qualifications to justify his undertaking the delicate task he sets himself.

Once, when pressed to furnish the name of the college at which he had undergone any ophthalmic examination, he gave the name of an institution which holds no examination in any branch of ophthalmic medicine.

We are sure that it was not modesty that caused him to refrain from divulging that much of his experience had been gained at a street stall, at which he had graduated some years ago in the art of selling second-hand spectacles and pills!

A CROOKED EYESIGHT SPECIALIST



Mr. J. A. Cairns ordered him to support his wife and children

The Secretary of the Institute of Ophthalmic Opticians, Mr. F. T. Gregg, M.A., has received numerous complaints about Hilton

Many are the complaints that have been lodged against Hilton since his more ambitious activities, some of which we propose to deal with before revealing certain very black traits in his character.

A few weeks ago Mr. Victor Hilton, Q.O.B.E., visited East Grinstead, where he established himself, with his customary impressiveness, in London Road.

One of the clients attracted by his highly misleading literature was a woman whose experience was most disquieting.

After a brief "test," embodying no professional examination, Mr. Hilton assured her that she was a victim of cataract, and that her eyes were in a most serious condition.

He pretended that he could supply satisfactory glasses for 30s., so the lady paid a deposit and left her old frames for the new lenses to be fitted.

Her manifest distress after this consultation aroused the sympathy of a friend, who sent her a a fully qualified optician.

It was then ascertained that she had absolutely no trace of cataract, and that, beyond a certain weakness of vision, her eyes were perfectly healthy.

The danger of such flagrantly false diagnoses need not be stressed.

In the same town, during the same week, another case came to light in which a child of thirteen was pronounced by Hilton, whose fee was three guineas, to have very bad eyesight indeed. His diagnosis was similarly erroneous.

At Upton-on-Severn, last autumn, a woman paid £7 10s. to Hilton for two pairs of glasses, on the understanding that he would adjust them should they not prove perfectly satisfactory.

She found them most unsuitable.

"I have never had a more uncomfortable or miserable pair of spectacles to use daily," she laments, "and my nose and ears are so sore after a day's wear."

Yet all her appeals have been ignored by this great ophthalmic specialist, who, we can reveal, purchases all his lenses wholesale from a Houndsditch store at prices which afford him a profit of 500 per cent.

The people enquiring for Mr. Victor Hilton in vain at his various London addresses are not all eye-sufferers.

Their number includes numerous creditors, amongst whom is a store where he obtained clothing and effects of all descriptions, and a newspaper that has not been paid for advertising displays.

Another side of his character is revealed in the experience of a young woman whom he once employed as a secretary.

Pestering attentions

A very fascinating man where women are concerned, Hilton quickly cast his spell upon her and promised her marriage.

Then, when she and her father had been induced to part with money in his business, the young woman learnt to her dismay that the fiancé she had trusted was a married man, with three children, and was simultaneously paying undue attention to another young woman.

She finally broke with him, and has lost at least one new job since then on account of his pestering attentions.

The revelations we have already made stamp Hilton as a highly undesirable quack to tend the sight of people.

But there is a more sinister skeleton in his cupboard, which brands him as an arrant blackguard.

Until recently, there lived at Bridge Street, Mile End, a woman, named Rosetta Mitzman, with her three children—Rebecca, Evelyn and Rita—aged seven, five and three years respectively.

Rosetta Mitzman is the lawful wife of Harry Mitzman, alias Victor Hilton, and the three little children are his.

They were callously deserted by this brute, who goes about in the guise of a Samaritan, in November, 1926, when the youngest child was less than three months old.

On February 28, 1927, in fact, an order was made by Mr. J. A. Cairns, the Thames Police Court magistrate, for him to support them to the extent of 30s. weekly.

All quacks!

Since then he has distinguished himself by disobeying this order and leaving his wife and little ones chargeable to the rates.

His conduct has latterly been so reprehensible—particularly towards his children—that all have been removed to the Mile End workhouse.

Such, then, is the inner history of Mr. Victor Hilton, Q.O.B.E.

That there is money to be made from provincial "tours" is illustrated by the fact that Mr. J. H. Sutcliffe, Secretary of the British Optical Association, has a record of something like forty men, many of foreign origin, who go periodically about the provinces posing as "great specialists."

All are quacks!

A Lightning Snatch

ENTERTAINMENT managers at all seaside resorts should be on the look-out for a business-like stranger of forty, who may approach them as the representative of a lighting company which can supply lamps for decorative purposes on reasonable terms.

* * *

At Southport, the other day, he called upon the pier manager, presenting a card inscribed: "The Charlton Lighting Company, The Park, Eccles."

He explained that his company had done business with the Southport pier authorities some years back, and he would be delighted if old associations could be resumed.

He made an attractive offer for the summer season, and the pier manager placed an order for twelve lamps, valued at £7 10s., on the understanding that the lamps would not be required till the end of the month.

On the following day, during the temporary absence of the pier manager, the agent burst in upon the assistant-manager.

He explained that he had wired the order through to his firm, and that the twelve lamps were being sent to him at the local post-office, C.O.D.

His wire must have been misunderstood, which was very awkward, as it happened he had not sufficient funds with him to meet such an account.

In the circumstances, the assistant thought that there could be no harm in disbursing the £7 10s, and the agent promised to collect the goods.

Any doubts which the pier manager might have entertained regarding this unexpected turn to the transaction were allayed by the arrival of a letter from the Charlton Lighting Company confirming the despatch of the goods.

No lamps have ever arrived,

* * *

Numerous complaints have arisen regarding this "agent," who is a singularly elusive rogue.

The "Charlton Lighting Company" exists only in his vivid imagination.

BAD JUDICIAL Blunder

"Profoundly astonished Mr. Justice Wright"

TWO men, named Henry Edward Boyce and Gilbert Williams, who are wanted on charges of fraudulent conspiracy, have, thanks to an absurd judicial blunder, been permitted to flout the law in an outrageous fashion.

JOHN BULL is here able to reveal the exclusive story behind this scandal, in which many people have been defrauded of varying sums—to say nothing of the public money that has been thrown away in vain on protracted police enquiry.

The two missing men were directors of three concerns called the Exeter Estates Development Corporation, the Western Brokers Corporation, Ltd., and "Three," Limited.

Through the medium of advertisements they attracted people from all parts on the pretext of having property or businesses to dispose of in connection with one or another of their companies.

Dummy agreement

In most cases they obtained sums of money which went into their own pockets, the majority of their clients seeing little or no return.

A Miss Jessie Gough, of Hillsborough Avenue, Exeter, who wished to sell her house, entrusted negotiations to "Three," Limited.

Two prospective purchasers then appeared upon the scene, offering £950 and £890 respectively.

"Three," Limited, then represented to the owner of the property that the higher offer had been withdrawn, and advised her to close with the lower.

Actually, the £890 client was a member of the staff of "Three," Limited, who had been introduced to hoodwink the owner.

What really happened was that the company closed with the £950 client, who was mulct of a substantial deposit, while the owner was foisted off with a dummy agreement.

Another victim is a Mrs. Harrison, to whom "Three," Limited, offered a house on mortgage.

She paid £5 deposit, and later, on the understanding that the mortgage had been satisfactorily arranged, paid a further £45 and £9 16s. mortgage fees.

The mortgage never materialised, but, having been led into signing a purchase agreement, this lady eventually found herself sued by the real owner, who recovered £27 15s. Altogether she has lost nearly £100.

Scores of people have had similar experiences in dealing with one or other of these three companies, their losses ranging from £50 to £200.

Sheer trash

But Boyce and Williams have not confined their activities to dubious housing transactions.

They have induced many people to invest money with them on the strength of promises of appointments at branch offices in various parts of the country.

One unemployed man, a Mr. W. J. Gliddon, parted with £50, being assured by Mr. Williams that the deposit was required as security and that he would receive shares in "Three," Limited, which were alleged to be very valuable.

He soon discovered that the whole business was a colossal sham

Lord Mildmay of Flete, Lord-Lieutenant of Devon, should insist on the early apprehension of these rogues

For months Williams and Boyce thrived upon their roguery. Then complaints became numerous and letters began to arrive from solicitors in various parts of the country.

Judgment after judgment was obtained against the company, and finally Detective-Inspector Rowsell, of the Devon C.I.D., instructed officers to investigate the case.

After something like forty statements had been obtained from different victims, a warrant was obtained for the arrest of Williams and Boyce.

Williams and Boyce eventually appeared at Exeter before local Justices of the Peace.

During frequent remands they were only allowed bail on heavy terms—£250 each on their personal recognisances and an independent surety of £250 each.

After a protracted police-court hearing, in the course of which astounding stories were unfolded of the forging of dummy agreements and receipts, both men were committed for trial at the Exeter City Assizes.

But at this stage the magistrates then presiding—Mr. F. J. Widgery and Mr. F. Tarr—took an extraordinary step.

They agreed to dispense with the independent sureties, and actually reduced the defendants' personal bail to the absurd sum of £25.

This misguided attitude of indulgence was simply an encouragement to the offenders to escape; and escape they did.

Consequently, when Mr. Justice Wright journeyed to Exeter a few days ago to try the case with a jury, he found that these two men had absconded.

He expressed his profound astonishment and regret that, in cases involving very serious charges of dishonesty, more stringent terms were not imposed regarding bail.

We think his lordship might have employed even stronger terms. It is disgraceful that justice should have been cheated in this way.

They have not flown

The behaviour of Williams and Boyce is all the more reprehensible since both occupied high office in local ecclesiastical affairs, while the latter was once a missionary on the Gold Coast.

Rumours have spread to the effect that these two men have now fled to America, but we know that they stayed together a few days ago at an hotel in Bristol.

They registered there in the name of Williams and departed leaving an unpaid bill and several R.D. cheques.

As both have friends in South Wales and London they are likely to seek refuge in one of these centres.

All Souls' at the SEASIDE

A CONCERN calling itself the "All Souls' Association," of 2 and 3, All Souls' Place, London, W., has been responsible for a long series of advertisements in seaside and country newspapers.

A typical announcement reads: "A lady offers £4 4s. a week for quiet, restful home with nice people."

Other advertisements require accommodation for young foreigners or for children. In most cases tempting terms are offered.

A Sussex reader of JOHN BULL who replied to an advertisement asking for accommodation for a young Austrian girl, received a reply that her house was considered suitable.

By filling up a form enclosed she agreed to pay a commission for receiving the client, and to remit £1 1s. as "booking fee."

She paid her guinea, and then for some time heard nothing more.

Finally, she wrote to the association, and received some addresses of clients to which she was expected to write.

No reply, however, was received to the letter she sent to these clients. All her protests to the association merely brought forth other addresses, from none of which she received a reply.

A demand for the return of her guinea brought only more addresses.

A Yorkshire reader had a similar experience.

We have chosen instances from localities as far apart as Yorkshire and Sussex to show how widespread is the scope of this association's activities.

The association's notepaper informs us that it is under the "personal supervision" of Mrs. M. H. de Grand Jacob, assisted by W. Churton Warde.

The office consists of two rooms in a blind alley chiefly given over to tailors' workrooms and garages.

The notepaper displays a list of services undertaken, and mentions a special medical and nursing department.

No doubt the association has many satisfied clients on its books, but the contents of our "All Souls" dossier makes very unsatisfactory reading

Mr. W. Churton Warde, a partner in the All Souls' Association, is proprietor of the newly-started Laurie Ward and Co., Medical, Dental and Scholastic Agency, of Margaret Street, W.

Here Mr. Warde has dropped the final "e" in his name.

Another interesting point is that in 1925, in Bournemouth, a company calling itself the Seaside and Country Paying Guest Agency issued advertisements asking for accommodation for paying guests, and in many cases offered as much as £12 12s. a week.

Handwriting, phraseology and style of notepaper were identical in many respects with those of the London agencies, and all applicants were informed that the business had been taken over by L. Ward and Co., to whom all communications — and guineas—should be sent.

The Bournemouth business was conducted from one room in a small lock-up shop. It had a short and inglorious career.

Still Going Up!

JOHN BULL'S X-WORD

First Prize Increased to £550.

See Page 32.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from Sir Wyndham Childs*

A DANGEROUS Printing Press

President of the Master Printers' Federation, Mr. A. J. Bonwick must disown this many-sided adventurer

"I am satisfied he's the author of the astounding letters before me"

SELDOM since I assumed the direction of the Investigation Department of JOHN BULL have I had to bring to view a queerer kettle of fish than this one.

Recently there has been appearing provincial papers, under the name Rogers, 10, Coptic Street, W.C., an advertisement for a director of a London printing company.

The name Rogers is a fiction, and No. 10, Coptic Street is a newsagent's shop used as an accommodation address.

A Liverpool accountant who wrote for information regarding the vacant directorship received a reply from Star Printers, Ltd., of 52, Charlotte Street, London, W.

From the outset, when these people learned that he had £1,500 to invest, attempts were made to stampede him into parting with his money.

He was informed, among other things, that it would be waste of money to employ a lawyer.

Star Printers urged him to forward £400 of the £1,500, not by cheque, but in banknotes. In return for the money he was to receive one £1 share in the business.

Star Printers, which, according to its letter-headings, has numerous important departments, is a company with a paid-up capital of £3, and occupies one room of an apartment-house at 52, Charlotte Street.

In the attempt to extract money from the Liverpool accountant, the letters of the company were signed with the initials "A.B."

These, presumably, represent the name of Alice Brown, who is shown in the official register as managing director of the company. Many people have tried to find this woman, but no one has ever succeeded.

Another director has been a Frank Brown. He was a witness in one of many county court actions in which Star Printers have been involved lately, but, unfortunately, he was too ill to attend the next hearing, at which he had been ordered to produce his birth certificate.

Called in a hawker!

An Arthur Jones has also been shown as a director and brought into court as a witness—twice.

Once the man in the witness-box was a hawker—and it transpired that he was a totally different person from the other one.

Two other directors were recently added, but their addresses are those of eating-houses, and the names are unknown.

The first director and founder of Star Printers was Arthur Portman. No one has ever seen him, for the reason that he has never existed.

Only one person has ever been found at Star Printers' premises in Charlotte Street, which, incidentally, are behind a door that is always locked. He is known as George Clifford, but he does not appear as such in the register of directors or shareholders.

I say definitely that George Clifford is Star Printers and all the other alleged directors rolled into one.

I am satisfied, too, that he is the author of the astounding letters before me which were sent out on the heels of the bogus advertisement.

It was Clifford, in the name of Portman, who opened a banking account for the company and who gave a signature purporting to be Portman's to the bank.

A few weeks ago a large London catering firm received an order for goods from the Melrose Dairy, of 52, Charlotte Street. The name of the proprietor was shown as M. Clifford, and the telephone number on the heading is, I find, that of Star Printers.

There is not a Melrose Dairy carried on at this address, but two years ago there was a hopeless business of that name there.

When it collapsed under a siege of creditors, Clifford denied that he had any association with it. It was a mere coincidence, he said, that the proprietor, Mary Clifford, who had vanished, had a surname similar to his own.

Another discovery

Now, I discover, the licence for this dairy was issued to a George Jones, who was always behind the counter and who accepted service when summonses and writs were issued.

Melrose Dairy obtained supplies from a firm of biscuit manufacturers. When its representatives called for payment, it was to find that the business had closed down.

An enquiry was made at the room with Star Printers' name on the door, and the tins of biscuits were seen stacked there.

There came to the door the man who had been known as George Jones, but who now declared that his name was George Clifford.

Soon afterwards these biscuits were sold in bulk, but the buyer's suspicions were aroused, and after communicating with the makers, he withheld payment.

Companies to burn

A summons was issued against him by the Star Company, of 52, Charlotte Street, and George Clifford, blossoming out as representative of that company, swore an affidavit to obtain judgment that the summons had been served. This was false.

The claim was, of course, defeated, and Clifford has since tried many tricks to establish it. He even went to the length of bringing two more fictitious companies into being—F. Barrington and Co. and Arthur Jones Company—and assigning the alleged debts to them.

So many and mixed are the identities and prevarications of Clifford that I am not surprised that counsel and solicitors who represented him in a recent action withdrew from the case after his exhibition in the witness-box.

Clifford, until a fortnight ago, had a lease of the premises at 52, Charlotte Street, which he let out in furnished rooms.

Last year he was convicted at Great Marlborough Street Police Court for permitting the place to be used for immoral purposes.

He has now transferred the lease to a new company called the Fitzroy Publishing Company which occupies the same room as Star Printers.

Traps in type

When references were asked for in connection with the transfer of the lease to the Fitzroy Company, a particularly fulsome one was supplied to the superior landlords by Messrs. S. Rogers and Co., of 10, Coptic Street

There is no such company, and No. 10, Coptic Street is the accommodation address which Star Printers, otherwise Clifford, have been using in the false advertisements to trap unwary investors.

Most certainly do the multiple concerns and personalities of George Clifford warrant official examination.

A WEEPER'S *Golden Tears*

MOST crooks make themselves scarce as soon as they have secured a victim, but a persistent young swindler named George Kirk returns to his dupes again and again.

An elderly Newark woman, noted for her charity, was visited by Kirk.

He looked sad and worried, and, giving an address in Wallaton Street, Nottingham, asked tearfully for assistance to purchase an invalid-chair for his ailing mother.

The kind-hearted woman gave him £1 5s.

After two days he called upon her again to thank her profusely, and told a touching story of the new joy that had been brought to an invalid.

She was obviously affected, so he took another £2 to help him out of a hobble in his mythical business.

A few days later he went to the woman with tears dripping to announce the sudden death of his mother.

He wanted to give her a decent burial. The deluded woman "advanced" him £2 10s.

Next time it was a story of a cash payment to be made to him under an insurance policy on his mother's life.

This would enable him to pay back everything, he declared, but meanwhile he wanted to go into mourning. So he borrowed a further £4 10s. for a black suit.

Still more—he fleeced the kindly old woman of a sum towards the alleged funeral expenses.

He is a thoroughly evil fellow, who makes an easy living out of kindly, but not very wise, people.

He Finds Their BALD SPOT

WHERE is Walter Rich Bell? On various occasions he has given addresses in Ardwick Lane, Doncaster, and Petre Street, Sheffield, but he is not to be found in either locality at the moment.

A number of bald-headed men have been shamefully hoaxed, and are all very much the poorer since they first lent an ear to his promises.

Bell is not bald. He boasts a well-groomed head of venerable grey hair, but professes to be full of sympathy for those who are less fortunately endowed.

He travels from town to town and tracks bald-headed citizens to their homes.

Then, presenting himself with suave dignity, he pretends to be an expert on all troubles affecting the scalp, and offers the householder the benefit of a free consultation.

* * *

At Doncaster recently, where he passed as G. Fletcher, he assured one man that his hair could be restored by a three-months' course of treatment.

He produced a case of glittering instruments, and the painstaking way in which he carried out an examination of the "patient's" scalp fully inspired confidence.

Fletcher pronounced the roots to be poorly nourished, and recommended a course of massage with special lotions twice weekly.

On the question of payment he was most accommodating.

He would take his fee when the course had been satisfactorily completed, and receive payment for the lotions as used.

Finally, as a generous gesture, he offered to wave the client's wife's hair for nothing.

* * *

A charge of 11s. 3d. was made for the first bottle of lotion, but two days later Fletcher called to collect further cash for some very special ointment, which he said he must order from London.

After another lapse of two days he called again, this time bringing with him another bottle of lotion.

He also advocated the use of special brushes. Offering to bring them on his next visit, he collected the necessary cash in advance.

But there never was a "next visit."

Fletcher, alias Walter Rich Bell, disappeared, and when his client sought professional advice he found that the "special lotion" was water and common colouring matter.

Beecham's Pills keep you vigorous

worth a guinea a box

the vegetable laxative

JACK HOBBS
(The Famous Cricketer)
Dressed by BARRY.

THE GREATEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

SUIT MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES for £2:2:0

UNDER GUARANTEE UNPARALLELED IN TAILORING HISTORY.

If for any reason whatsoever you do not approve the suit we shall produce for you, we will forfeit 2/6 more than the price paid for it by you.

WHEREVER YOU RESIDE WE FIT YOU PERFECTLY. OUR SPECIAL SELF-MEASURE CHART IS UNFAILING.

SEND for FREE PATTERNS

A new, dazzling array of Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges, Flannels, Homespuns, Vicunas, etc. Our 1930 Summer Ranges are the finest ever assembled. Together with free patterns we send you handsome fashion brochure showing latest styles as also our unfailing self-measure chart.

CALL OR WRITE.

000 Guaranteed LONDON SHRUNK FLANNEL TROUSERS 12'9 TO MEASURE

The 'BARILAIN' INDIGO DYED London Shrunk 100% All Wool Two-fold Worsted Yarn BLUE SERGE SUIT TO MEASURE £3:3:0

We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay if you do not approve the "MILITAIRE."

SIMPLY AMAZING VALUE

The BARRY "MILITAIRE"

(In Fashionable Putty-Shade)

A £4:4:0 ALL-WEATHER-COAT for 21/- POST PAID TO YOUR ADDRESS

The "MILITAIRE" is made in fine, reliable, super-spun Indiana Cloth, with storm-defiant "PARABAR" interproofing and elegant camel shade lining throughout.

Absolutely impervious to rain, sleet or hail.

Cut with full, ample skirt, deep storm collar. No dressier coat or more sportsmanlike coat was ever produced. Ideal in all climates.

Must not be confused with the imitation leather coat. The Militaire is quite, quite different, and equally dressy in dry weather as in wet weather.

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if preferred.

Post us your remittance for 21/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat.

S. A. BARRY & CO LTD.

(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES

GRAVES

CHARMING SUMMER STYLES

EVERY lady should write at once for the Graves Display of Costumes, Robes, Frocks and Coats for all occasions, all made in the best style and offered at the keenest prices on Easy Terms.

We have 30 years reputation for straightforward trading.

WE also offer amazing value in Furs, Sports Wear, Skirts, Jumpers, Underwear, Corsets and Hosiery; also Maid's and Children's Wear at Bargain Prices on Deferred Payments. Send a small amount with order and the rest in monthly payments if entirely satisfied

PATTERNS POST FREE

Write stating style of garment you are interested in, and samples of the actual materials will be sent you, together with self-measurement Form & all particulars

All Goods sent on Approval

FROM 5/- MONTHLY

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

CHILD'S HEAD BURNED TERRIBLY

Covered with Eruptions. Healed by Cuticura.

"My little girl's head was covered with sore eruptions and burned terribly. She could not get a good night's rest, and kept me awake. I had to cut her hair off on account of the trouble. Her head was in an awful state.

"I tried everything that people told me about but they did no good, so I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. She was able to get a good night's rest after using it so I purchased more, which completely healed her." (Signed) Mrs. Alice Stobbs, 84, Alfred St., So. Shields, Durham, Eng.

Insure against skin troubles by daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment when required.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s 3d and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s 2d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Banner St., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

BABY WELFARE

YOU must have a handsomely designed, comfortable Baby Carriage for your child. Write for the Graves Catalogue of Pram and Folding Cars in the latest safe and restful designs, all delivered Carriage Paid for small deposit, and Easy Monthly Payments; also Dainty Layettes and Baby Clothing at wonderfully low prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue free. 30 years reputation for Quality and Value.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

PSORIASIS

Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

KEEP YOUR EYE on the PANTRY

by A. G. GARDINER—

The granaries across the Atlantis are glutted—a Canadian Government picture of the Saskatchewan harvest

THERE is a growing impression that a General Election is near. The steady and formidable increase of unemployment has taken the gilt of the Government's gingerread, and the rebel movement in the Labour Party makes long continuance in office extremely improbable.

But whether the election comes in the autumn, as seems likely, or is postponed to the spring, one thing is certain. It will be fought on the issue of Protection and Free Trade.

This will be the third time in this century that a General Election has been fought on this ground. Joseph Chamberlain was beaten on it in 1905, and Mr. Baldwin was beaten on it in 1923.

In both cases the defeat was so crushing as to seem to be final, but in the convulsive conditions of the world to-day nothing is final.

It was the rain that rained away the Corn laws and established Free Trade, and what a bad summer did for Protection seven years of bad trade may do for Free Trade.

I think it will be a disaster if it happens; but I do not conceal from myself that, in the present conditions of unrest, it may happen.

All that we can hope is that, if this leap in the dark is to be taken, the country will take it with its eyes open and with a full sense of what is at stake.

For ever!

For nothing is more certain than that, once committed to Protection, we shall never again get rid of it, no matter how urgent the need.

And let us be clear on another point. Protection is a medicine that cannot be limited to small doses. It grows with use.

Witness the case of Australia—strangled in the coils of its own tariffs. Witness the United States, whose President has just, under compulsion, put his hand to a tariff of which he disapproves and which the whole disinterested public of America repudiates, but which has been imposed on the country by a conspiracy of the interests, each supporting the other in the plunder of the consumer.

It is because of the danger of rushing into this perilous adventure blindly that I welcome the referendum which JOHN BULL is organising on the subject. It will compel us to think, and if ever this country was called upon to think, it is now.

In making a contribution to the general pool, I do so as a Free Trader, not on doctrinaire grounds, but on grounds of practical necessity.

I shall limit myself at this stage to a few broad, fundamental considerations.

World's paymaster

It will not be denied that after the adoption of Free Trade—say, from 1850 to 1914—this country enjoyed a prosperity unexampled in history anywhere or at any time.

It was so great that our financial and commercial supremacy was unchallenged in Europe. It was so great that when the war came we alone of the European countries engaged paid our way.

We not only paid our way, we lent two thousand millions sterling to our allies—all of them Protectionist. And since the war Free Trade England is the only country which has honoured in full the debts incurred in the war.

And those debts were incurred, not for ourselves, but for our Protectionist allies.

If this is admitted—and it cannot be denied—what are the grounds on which we are asked to reverse the verdicts of 1905 and 1923?

They are (1) the depression in trade, with the consequent unemployment; (2) the increasing difficulty of holding our own in the world market; (3) the necessity, therefore, of excluding by tariffs, foreign competition in the home market

On these points, let us remember that trade depression and unemployment are not confined to this country. They are world-wide. There are three million unemployed in Protectionist Germany, five million in Protectionist America.

South Africa, Australia, South America, all Protectionist, are all in desperate straits.

If our export trade in manufactures is down, it is nevertheless true that it exceeds that of any other country in the world. It is true that in shipbuilding, for example, we are doing more than all the rest of the world put together.

It is true that more people are in employment to-day than before the war.

Driven by fear

It is true, as Mr. Baldwin said in a recent speech, that our wages are higher, in some cases twice as high, as those of countries on the Continent which he named—all of them Protectionist.

It is true that our standard of life is the highest in Europe, and our system of unemployment insurance the most generous in the world.

But even if all this were not true, how will Protection help us? And by Protection I mean the whole hog. To me the quarrel between Mr. Baldwin and Lord Beaverbrook is academic. Lord Beaverbrook says Protection must include food-taxes.

Mr. Baldwin will only concede food-taxes with a referendum—not because he does not believe in food-taxes, but because he fears food-taxes will spell defeat, as in 1923.

But the truth, of course, is that, as Chamberlain said and admitted, you cannot have Protection for industry and Free Trade for food. You cannot protect iron and steel without an equivalent protection for the agriculturist.

The next election will be fought not on Safeguarding, but on Protection, food-taxes and all, however the fact may be disguised.

And Protection, by raising the costs of production, will end our power of competing in the world market.

The struggle is hard now; it will be impossible with the burden of tariffs on the back of industry.

True, it will help the manufacturer to exploit the home consumer—including all that vast mass of consumers—the cabmen, postmen, bricklayers, policemen, clerks, tramwaymen, gardeners, etc.—who cannot be protected because they have no foreign competition that can be taxed.

But will the home market alone, however manipulated, maintain us? This country has been built up on its export trade. It is that trade which has made it the most densely populated country in the world.

K.O. for farmer

Without that trade it will be impossible to support anything approaching the population of to-day. We cannot exist on our present scale by taking in each other's washing, however high the laundry charges may be.

As to the Beaverbrook scheme of Protection, it has all the vices of food-taxes without their questionable virtues. Food-taxes all round would at least give Protection to the farmer at the expense of the consumer.

But food-taxes limited to the foreigner would be no aid to the British farmer.

If he is undersold by overseas produce it does not matter to him whether that produce comes from Australia or from the Argentine. In either case he is knocked out.

The Beaverbrook scheme, in fact, would raise the price of food to the consumer without making the British grower a penny the better off.

And it would place this country, with its enormous dependence upon imported food, at the mercy of manipulations such as those which have been operated in Canada and elsewhere since the war.

And again

I can conceive no more certain way of disrupting the Empire than by associating the Dominions with the idea of dear food for every English larder.

In short, from whatever aspect we approach it, it seems clear that Protection is no solution of our problem.

It was condemned in 1905. It was condemned in 1923.

If we have not lost our sanity it will be condemned at the next General Election.

Homely Wisdom— —by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE GREY SHADOW

WHO does not know the harrowing experience of waking in the morning after a troubled night with a weight of depression on the mind?

For a moment or two, perhaps, you do not remember what the cause of the depression is, but not for long are you allowed to forget.

But it comes, that misery of yesterday, like a dagger in your breast, thrusting into your soul all the sickening recollections that are linked with it.

AS a working journalist put it in his personal confessions some time ago, it is as though the evil memory were a dark spectre standing at your elbow and saying:

"You thought you had got rid of me, did you? But here I am again, you see, and I will be here again tomorrow and in all the days to come."

The American poet Longfellow seems to have known something of what it feels like to be haunted by care and dread in this way, or by hope-stifling sorrow, when he wrote:

> By the bedside, on the stair,
> At the threshold, near the gates,
> With its menace or its prayer,
> Like a mendicant it waits;
>
> Till at length the burden seems
> Greater than our strength can bear;
> Heavy as the weight of dreams,
> Pressing on us everywhere.

He would be an insincere comforter who should say there was no ground for such apprehensions as are here described, no reality in the grisly companionship of unhappy thoughts.

No man or woman who plays a serious part in life can be altogether a stranger to this kind of experience soon or late.

Is there any cure for it? Yes, there is, and I speak as one who knows.

The only real cure is to face the enemy bravely, look facts in the face, reckon with the worst that can happen, and then pull yourself together and decide not to let it beat you.

There could be no worse policy than to shrink and cower before it and feel that all is lost.

Everybody nowadays knows a little of what the new scientific psychology is telling us about ourselves.

We are constantly hearing of "complexes," "repressions," and the like, which have power to weaken and destroy us unless they can be brought into the open and rendered harmless.

FEAR is at the bottom of nearly every one of them; any vitality they possess derives from fear. Cease to fear them and you are well on the way to mastering and expelling them.

It is quite wonderful what courage and resolution can effect in transforming the blackest prospect into a rainbow of promise.

Try it if life has been using you badly and you feel unequal to going on. There is no past so damnable that it cannot be redeemed.

Hasten to make friends with the future. It holds out a welcoming hand to the cheerful and the brave.

Made with finest selected
ALMONDS & RAISINS

BOURNVILLE
FRUIT & NUT
CHOCOLATE

MILK
FRUIT & NUT
CHOCOLATE

I WANT CADBURY'S

By E. Roffe Thompson

ANGELS with LOADED GUNS

But he goes on grinding

FOR the first time since 1906 the Inter-Parliamentary Union is, this month, holding its conference in London. Forty Parliaments will be represented, and international affairs will bulk prominently on the agenda.

Among other subjects, these statesmen from all over the world will discuss the question of minorities, general disarmament, and a special memorandum about the Kellogg Pact for the outlawry of War which has been submitted by the American group.

There will be spates of talk, cartloads of pious resolutions, and, I predict, precious little effective action. Business, in fact, as usual.

Meanwhile, in Europe, real things are happening, which are receiving far too little attention from ordinary people.

One dark cloud

On the last day of June the last of the French Army of Occupation left German soil: and Germany, her territory freed at length from Allied domination, broke into immediate and unrestrained rejoicing.

There was, and is, one cloud in the sky. The Saar district, with all its vast mineral wealth, remains under the absolute rule of the League of Nations, while its mines remain in the possession of France.

"We greet to-day," said President von Hindenburg, "German soil and German folk on the Saar from the bottom of our hearts, and with the vow to do all that we can to bring about their early reunion with us.

"And," he added, "let us be united in the oath '*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*'"

"Germany over all!"—we heard talk like that once before. Just bear this in mind for a moment while we take a look at another corner of Europe.

You cannot move anywhere to-day without hearing talk of the danger of war between France and Italy. If you go to the frontier, you will do more than hear talk; you will see open and almost blatant military preparations. And Italy has just increased the war credits by £5,000,000, a direct answer to the recent French increase in armaments.

There are two other things to which I want to draw your attention. It was recently agreed among the producers of nitrates to reduce the world output by 50 per cent.; but the French are insisting on increasing their production.

They intend, in fact, to double it, for "the matter is considered of importance to France from the standpoint of national defence."

Nitrates, you see, are a vital element in modern explosives. No modern war could be fought without them.

The second thing is this. I was talking the other day to a naval chaplain. "The British Navy," he said, calmly and confidently, "will be at war again within the next ten or fifteen years."

"Against whom?" I said. "Either America or Japan," he replied, without the slightest hesitation.

Now this is not going to be in any sense a scare article, and if you ask me if I think Germany and France are going to war over the question of the Saar Valley, I say I do not think so. What about France and Italy? Again I say I do not think so.

Well, what about a war between this country and America or Japan? I think that least of all.

Murder machines

With the one exception of America, we have all failed to devise any democratic control whatever of the foreign policy of our countries.

Until we do devise such machinery we are all in the deadliest peril from what Mr. H. G. Wells once called "that profession of ruthless, insensative mediocrities, the military profession."

When you come to think of it in cold blood, it really almost passes belief.

We allow the chemists and the scientists and the engineers to spend our money in devising new and more maniacal murder machines, and we blindly trust a handful of unknown men to see that they are never used!

We are coming within sight of another General Election. I should like to see the question of the prevention of war made the dominant issue—for unless that issue is settled no other is worth wasting breath on.

So far we have failed very signally to do more than invent a number of resounding and pious phrases which mean rather less than nothing. It is time we became a little more concrete and confounded Mr. Wells.

Where danger lies

And in this case you are quite entitled to ask me why I have troubled to draw your special attention to things which any competent observer regards as Europe's danger-spots.

I have done it because, although these things are unlikely, they are not impossible, and to know where danger lies is to learn how to avert it in time.

I have sufficient faith in the common people of Europe to believe that it will be averted.

There is, of course, a body of people in Germany who, if you mention France, say: "One day we shall try again—and we shall not lose." They have said it to me, said it in those very words—old men suffering from a terrible inferiority complex.

But there is another body, the vast majority of the German nation, who, freed from the terrorism of conscription and the Prussian officer, merely smile at the old men and go on working hard, playing hard, and laughing to scorn the foolishness that led them into the last war, let alone the next.

The common people of France don't want to go to war with anybody; neither do the common people of Italy. And I should be sorry for anyone who proposed that the people of this country should go to war.

Nevertheless, because I believe that wars just happen, far more than they are cynically and deliberately planned, it is well to face facts.

Despite the Covenant of the League of Nations, despite the Kellogg Pact for the Outlawry of War, Europe is spending £600,000,000 annually on preparations for war, which is £50,000,000 a year more than she spent in 1913.

It is all, of course, for "national defence." Nobody, of course, has any idea of attacking anybody, which makes all this feverish activity all the more mysterious!

I wonder why France needs a standing army of three-quarters of a million men and five and a half million reserves for defence? Or why Italy needs a standing army of nearly half a million and more than three million reserves?

I wonder why, since it is all for defence and not for attack, the world needs to keep 120,000,000 men in readiness to defend their countries against a non-existent enemy?

The truth is that while common people everywhere believe in the sincerity and good will of each other, their statesmen believe nothing of the sort.

They create machinery for peace which they refuse to use; and they refuse to those whose votes gave them office and power any voice whatever in the conduct of the nation's business with other nations.

Easy beast

So far as they can, they even keep all knowledge from them; for an ignorant democracy is the easiest beast in the world to drive.

If the dangers I have touched on—and they are only some of them—ever blaze up into suicidal flames we cannot escape our share of responsibility.

No democracy can ever be anything but a delusion and a sham that is content to leave its foreign affairs in the hands of half-a-dozen men, men whose very names it does not know, whose abilities it does not know, and in whose plans and schemes it displays no interest.

The Human Machine

We Can—If We Like

WHEN a man really makes up his mind to do something there is not much that can stop him.

There is an exhibit in London just now that demonstrates this, an exhibit of the work of a self-taught craftsman who has never been able to afford lessons nor even any proper materials.

But that hasn't deterred him. He has patiently carved a magnificent ornamental candlestick out of the leg of an old chair; he has painted exquisite designs on the inside of small bottles; he has created miniatures, lacquer-work, and ornamental vases.

It just shows that money isn't everything, and that if opportunities are not easily forthcoming they can be made.

To create beauty is always worth while; to create it out of scrap material is almost a miracle.

If we all did as this workman-artist has done what a different place the world would soon become!

We can all do something to add a little beauty to the world; but how few of us ever take the trouble.

We all know how to work; but few of us know how to make full use of leisure. We can all imitate, but few of us ever trouble to create. Yet the world is shouting for creators, and we can all create something if we like to take the trouble.

It isn't that we can't do things; it is mostly that we are too lazy to do them. We do the least we can—not the most we can. That is why so many of us are bored long before each day is over.

The only way to enjoy life is to live it to the full, and to squeeze out of it every drop of activity we can.

GIFTS IN ONE-THIRD THE TIME

3 FULL-VALUE COUPONS WITH EVERY 10 'PRIVATE SEAL' CIGARETTES

200 COUPONS

(only 67 packets of 10) bring you this splendid Imperial Camera with **PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT**

Made by the world-famous firm of Thornton Pickard. Takes standard 3¼"x2¼" roll films. The very best camera for both snapshot and portrait work. Complete with two view-finders.

ENSIGN CADET CAMERA

for Vest Pocket Size pictures 150 coupons (only 50 packets of 10).

If previously it took you three months to collect enough cigarette coupons for the gift you wanted, now it will only take you a month! All you have to do is to change over to 'Private Seal' Cigarettes (standard 10 for 6d. quality), which contain 3 full-value coupons in every packet of ten. Compare the cigarettes and the gifts with any others, and the comparison in value will astonish you. Remember—you collect 200 'Private Seal' coupons in the same time as it would take to collect only 67 ordinary cigarette coupons. 'Private Seal' are full-size cigarettes made from a famous Virginian blend of pure, unadulterated tobaccos. They are cool, satisfying and unvarying in their high quality.

10 *for* 6d. (*with* 3 *full-value coupons*)
20 *for* 1/- (*with* 6 *full-value coupons*)
Flat Fifty 2/6 (*with* 15 *full-value coupons*)

GET THE 'PRIVATE SEAL' BOOK OF GIFTS

The splendid Free Gifts for 'Private Seal' smokers include Savoy Plate by the makers of Community Plate, Imperial Gramophone Records, Coty Toilet Preparations, Silk Stockings, Triang Toys, Watches, Clocks, Wireless Valves, Glassware, etc., etc.

WE WILL TAKE YOUR PRESENT COUPONS OFF YOUR HANDS!

DON'T HESITATE *to try 'Private Seal' at once simply because you have already collected a certain number of coupons from other cigarettes. We will accept these coupons for your first 'Private Seal' gift so long as you send at least as many 'Private Seal' as other coupons. Thus, for a gift requiring 150 coupons we will accept 75 'Private Seal' and 75 other coupons from any 10 for 6d cigarette. We make this offer because we are confident that once you have tried 'Private Seal' you will never want to return to any other cigarette. N.B. This offer applies only to your first gift, and holds good only until August 31st, 1930.*

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY FOR FULL LIST OF GIFTS

to
MOUSTAFA LTD.
84, Piccadilly,
London, W.1

Please send me post free the 'PRIVATE SEAL' Book of Gifts

Name { *Mr.* / *Mrs.* / *Miss* } _____

Address _____

POSTAGE IN UNSEALED ENVELOPE ½d. J.B.2.

MOUSTAFA LTD., 84 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1. (Sole Concessionaires: Cohen Weenen & Co., Ltd.)

Secret FOOD TAX Ballot: VOTE and WIN £250

ARE the people of this country in favour of import duties on foreign food? Nobody knows.

Mr. Baldwin has given a pledge, under pressure from Lord Beaverbrook, that *in certain eventualities*, he will have a referendum of the electors. But the stated conditions may not arise. In the circumstances we have decided to put the matter to the test now by having a referendum of our readers, in the form of a secret ballot.

Mark your coupon and then estimate the number of votes out of the 22,639,117 recorded last election which would go for food taxes.

To arrive at the result we shall take the totals of the JOHN BULL ballot as an index of what a real election ballot would show.

If, for example, three-fifths of our reader voters are in favour of food-taxes, then the winner of our ballot will be the reader who has estimated the election vote at 13,583,470, which is three-fifths of the 22,639,117 voters at the last election.

What JOHN BULL readers say will be an absolutely fair indication of what the public thinks. Owing to our 1,400,000 circulation covering every class and every industry, and to our independent policy, we are more representative of public opinion than any other national newspaper.

In order to be quite unbiased, we publish on this page the three political points of view on food-taxes—the official Conservative, explained by Mr. Neville Chamberlain; Free Trade, by Sir Herbert Samuel, and Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Free Trade policy.

The Rt. Hon.
NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
New Chairman of the Conservative Party, discusses the

CONSERVATIVE POLICY ON FOOD TAXES

THE Conservative programme must be considered as a whole, and, apart from the wider question of Empire economic unity, it must be remembered that the Party, on its return to power under Mr. Baldwin's leadership, would at once proceed to introduce a strong policy of Safeguarding.

At the same time the next Conservative Government will be pushing ahead with negotiations on a free and unrestricted basis for the fullest development of Empire trade.

We propose to ask the Dominions to admit our goods to their markets under tariff charges which will be lower than the charges they levy on similar goods from foreign countries.

Such an arrangement would mean an increased demand for British goods and, therefore, increased employment in this country.

As part of any such arrangement, the Dominions would naturally expect to receive corresponding advantages in the British market.

Since their principal exports consist of various kinds of foodstuffs in which they have to meet the competition of foreign countries, it is practically certain that we could not offer them substantial advantages without imposing some duties on the foodstuffs coming from these foreign competitors.

It is clear that we cannot say what are the articles on which such duties would be required, nor whether we could recommend the imposition of such duties until we have had conversations with the Dominion representatives and have heard what they can offer us in exchange.

Mr. Baldwin proposes that when agreement has been arrived at, it should first be submitted to the people of this country in order that they may judge for themselves whether the bargain is one that on the whole is advantageous to themselves.

There can, therefore, be no mistake about it. Under that proposal, food-taxes will only be the consideration we offer for the substantial advantages to be gained by an agreement within the Empire.

They will be imposed only on foreign and not on Empire foodstuffs. They will not be imposed at all unless the people themselves accept them.

Lord BEAVERBROOK'S

EMPIRE EVANGEL

FOREIGN food imports can be limited without increasing the price of food by one penny.

The Empire Crusaders' point is that there will be no shortage of supplies, as the Empire's resources are adequate for all our needs.

The policy of Empire Free Trade is a policy of prosperity. Farmers in this country and in the Dominions will gain by an import duty on food products from other countries.

British industries will benefit if we shut out foreign manufactured goods.

Mass-production, with more work for our own people, will be possible on a scale greater than that of the United States.

Cheap, foreign-manufactured goods, produced under labour conditions so low that they beat British manufacturers in the home market, are being dumped into this country.

Work that should be done by British workers goes to the foreigner, say the Crusaders. British factories are idle, while we are finding money to pay the wages of workers abroad.

The same process is going on with dumped foreign wheat. The British farmer cannot make ends meet. He is forced to sell at a sacrifice to compete with the foreigner.

Yet the price of bread is not reduced. Imported foreign wheat could be taxed without making the loaf a halfpenny dearer.

With more orders and busier factories more workers could be employed and better wages could be paid. Mass-production methods could be adopted. Mass-production means cheaper production, and cheaper goods would create a bigger demand.

The Rt. Hon.
Sir HERBERT SAMUEL'S

CASE AGAINST TARIFFS

IF the Empire Crusaders have their way, and if a tariff is imposed on raw materials and and manufactured goods imported from foreign countries, the prices of these commodities to the consumers will be raised accordingly.

The United Kingdom still draws most of its supplies from foreign countries.

In 1928 they sent us £513,000,000 worth of foodstuffs and raw materials, while the Dominions, India and the Colonies sent us imports valued at £258,000,000.

A tax on these *foreign* goods must send up the price of *all* our imports—including those from the Empire. Indeed, unless prices are raised the tariff policy fails in its immediate purpose.

It is designed to "give encouragement" to producers within the Empire. If there is not more money for their produce there is no "encouragement."

Seven-eighths of our raw-cotton supplies are still drawn from foreign countries. Levy a tax on that, and you intensify the depression in Lancashire.

Foreign countries are still our biggest customers. They buy from us nearly £400,000,000 worth of goods a year.

Cut down our imports from them and you limit exports to them. That means more unemployment.

Mr. Baldwin is puzzled over Food Taxes and Lord Beaverbrook.

If you will not buy from the foreigner, you cannot sell to him.

Let us promote Free Trade within the Empire, by all means. All we can do to secure it is an advantage. But the present proposals are for a "tariff wall" round the Empire, to hinder and hamper our trade with the three-fourths of mankind who are outside the Empire boundaries.

This is not Free Trade. It is the crudest form of Protection.

As to Empire unity, raising of prices of the necessaries of life for the masses at home will not strengthen their zeal for the Imperial idea.

You cannot build an Empire patriotism on taxed food.

How to Win £250

MUST BE WON—NO ENTRY FEE

All estimates must be written in ink and in figures (not words) and made on the coupons taken from JOHN BULL. One **X** only may be made on the Voting coupon. Each competitor is allowed ONE entry only.

Any coupon upon which an alteration has been made or which arrives after the closing date (first post, July 30) will be disqualified.

The sum of £250 will be paid to the competitor or competitors from whom is received the correct or most nearly correct forecast of the number of electors in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

This figure will be decided by the Editor in accordance with the proportion of votes cast in the JOHN BULL Referendum.

In the event of a tie the prize will be equally divided.

The £250 must be won—there is no entrance fee.

No individual's vote on any Voting Coupon will be disclosed, not even that of the winner.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the delay, loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

No correspondence will be entered into.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.

No claims from competitors are required in this contest, as all entries received will be carefully examined by our staff. Results will appear in JOHN BULL as soon as possible after the closing date.

Each Competitor is allowed one entry only.

VOTING COUPON

If you are in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food put your **X** here—

I am in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

If you are NOT in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food put your **X** here

I am NOT in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food.

Only one **X** must be placed on this Coupon.

A

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS (in Block Letters) .....

CUT HERE

£250 MUST BE WON REFERENDUM FORECAST

Of the 22,639,117 people who voted at the last Election, I estimate that the number below are in favour of Taxes on Foreign Food:

.....
(Write clearly in figures.)

I enter the JOHN BULL Referendum Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS (in Block Letters) .....

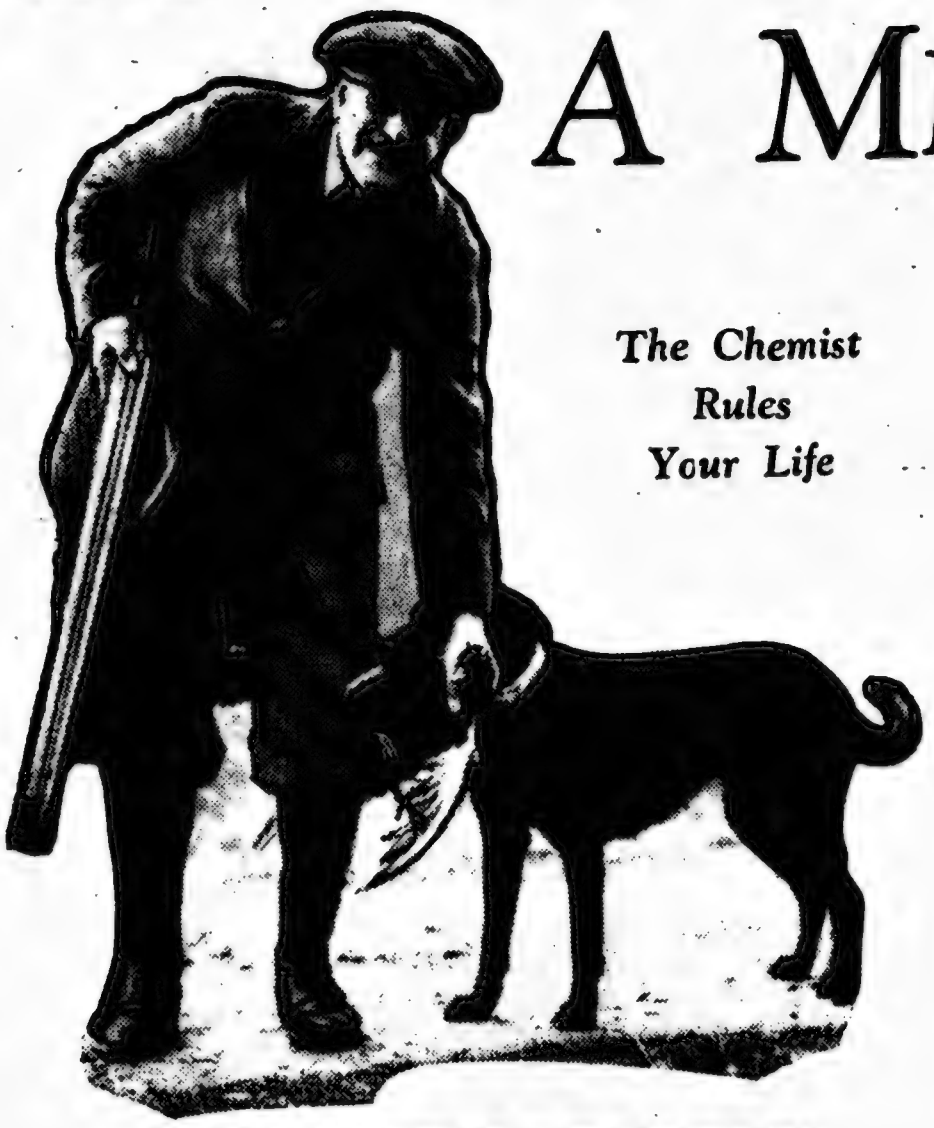
.....

B Coupons must reach us not later than first post on Wednesday, July 30. This coupon must be sent in together with the Coupon above.

Cut out Coupons separately and post BOTH together in one envelope (1½d. stamp). Address your entry: "Referendum Competition," 1st Floor, 73-77, Endell St., London, W.C.2. (Comp.) Closing date, first post July 30.

A MIGHTY BOTTLE PARTY

The Chemist Rules Your Life



Lord Melchett is also a chemist, but just now he is a country squire

NEXT week, from July 14 to 19, there will meet in conclave a body of experts whose daily work affects all our lives more intimately than any other branch of science or industry.

They are the Society of Chemical Industry, and they will represent, at their meeting at Birmingham under the presidency of Dr. Herbert Levinstein, the largest professional body of industrial chemists in the world.

The wonder-age in which the world now wags has been variously dubbed the Era of Electricity, the Age of Petrol, the Epoch of Wireless.

The robot mother

It is so partial to calling itself "high-hat" names compatible with each and every wonder that the modest chemist, cloistered in his obscure laboratory, is rarely godfather at such a christening.

Yet the times we live in are as much as anything else an Age of Chemistry, or, as the professional more intimately has it, Stinks!

Chemistry is a sturdy root bang at the foot of the tree of knowledge and progress. It is impossible to escape from it. Its tentacles twine and intertwine round every factor of life to-day.

It is the robot hand that rocks the cradle in which every succeeding amenity and wonder is reared.

The man in the street, his wife and children are rarely conscious of the domination of the test-tube.

Taking so much for granted, they little realise the extent to which their daily life and routine are guided, influenced, and controlled by it.

If the busy housewife paused in the middle of her multifarious duties to reflect on the all-embracing part that chemistry played in her daily round, she would be staggered.

She has the chemist to thank for her aluminium cooking utensils, for her stainless cutlery, for her glassware and her crockery.

The materials with which she cooks are provided for her in the shape of the chemically produced metals of the stove, and the gas which the chemist discovered could be produced from coal.

Often her milk is pasteurised and tinned foods preserved by means devised by the chemist. Her furniture is stained and polished with chemical products.

The paper of her JOHN BULL, like the artificial silk of her stockings, is manufactured from wood, thanks to the chemist.

She shops at the druggist's for her aspirin, her scent, patent food for baby; but rarely does she realise that the chemist has played an equally important part in the manufacture of the products of her grocer, confectioner, milliner, milkman, and butcher.

And the housewife's husband?

He is clothed from head to foot in garments that could not exist without the chemists.

Their knowledge has made possible the leather of his shoes and gloves. Their dye has been used in his socks, his suit, shirt and tie.

His glistening razor was fashioned from dull, crude ore by their process. His silvered mirror, soap and brilliantine have been prepared by the chemist's art.

In wonderland

There is much about the morning smoke for which he has to thank them.

He rides to his office in an omnibus that is a storehouse of chemical wonders, with its painted and varnished metals, its dyed plush or artificial-leather seats, its rubber tyres, its petrol-driven engine of various metals and alloys.

The roads over which he passes are surfaced, perhaps, with concrete, which is prepared by the chemist from sand, clay and limestone, with tar which is removed from coal, or with asphalt which has been extracted from petroleum.

You cannot open your eyes, you see, without encountering chemistry and its offshoots.

What to eat and drink

Natural chemistry sees to it that the world has food. Professional chemists discover what should be eaten, why it should be eaten, how it should be eaten.

The chemist examines the process of digestion, studies the changes of different foods, and decides which of them yield those substances most beneficial to the growth of the human body.

He has classified foodstuffs into three types of compounds, the proteins, the fats and the carbohydrates, and he has shown how the last two provide energy, while the first renews and replaces outworn tissues.

He has gone even farther than that. He dabbles in vitamins. No one knows quite what they are.

Not even the chemist knows. But he does know that they exist in certain foods, and that their absence from a diet may cause diseases such as rickets and beri-beri.

Beri-beri, for instance, was once very common in Japan, where the diet consisted almost exclusively of polished rice. The chemist discovered the absence of what is known as Vitamin B. The husk was left on and the disease disappeared.

And they did it

In connection with the world's food supplies, too, the chemist will enjoy a place in history.

There was a time in the latter half of the last century when the increase of population scared many into believing that the food supply could not possibly increase correspondingly.

The chemists stepped in with fertilisers of an artificial character.

In America, for example, the great wheat-producing belt gradually shifted westwards, but the chemists' fertilisers soon restored the fertility of the eastern centres.

Around our potash fertilisers is woven a dramatic story.

During the war the Germans, by reason of their monopoly, were able to exert a stranglehold on the whole industry. So rare became the commodity in England that prices soared to about £70 a ton.

Matters became even more critical in the United States, where the price rose from £10 to £100 a ton.

Again the chemists appeared.

Major Tulloch suggested that in the waters of the Dead Sea there existed sufficient potash to satisfy our needs for hundreds of years.

Although this was then in possession of the enemy, it was possible to send a committee of investigation after Palestine had been conquered.

Its findings were so favourable that arrangements have been made whereby Britain will at last become independent of German potash.

Every enlightened manufacturer now knows that the works chemist is the key-man of his factory.

The chemist is his watchdog over the quality of the raw material he buys, and on his chemist's guarantee he can "tell the world" about the goods he sells.

Romantic and grim

A few—a very few—manufacturers in this country also have the wit and foresight to realise the value of chemical research into the articles they produce and into their works processes.

They have had the courage to pay a chemist, to give him a laboratory and leave him to work. They make hostages to the future, but their courage always has a lucrative reward.

The research side of chemistry is full of romance, of grim struggles with test-tube and flash and balance, against a reluctant nature jealous of its secrets.

But—just like on more mundane battlegrounds—divine chance often plays its part in swaying the chances of victory or of great discovery.

In the "eighties" a young chemical student named Perkin was working in a London college laboratory.

There were no works chemists in those days, and a gas company which had been having trouble with one of its by-products, a substance named naphthalene, had asked the college to assist them.

Hope dawns in the leper stations—the chemist perfected a remedy

Three of our great chemists — Dr. Herbert Levinstein (right) Sir W. Pope and Prof. J. F. Thorpe

"The housewife will be staggered to know what chemistry does for her"

One night Perkin placed a beaker full of scalding liquid on a bench, the beaker burst, and some of the muddy, coloured liquid spread over a silk handkerchief laying near.

Presumably young Perkin cursed a ruined experiment, but the next morning he noticed the handkerchief was covered with a bright purple stain.

Secret for centuries

From that discovery was born the great aniline dye industry.

That purple dye which Perkin subsequently isolated was the nearest approach which has ever been made to the ancient Tyrian purple with which Roman emperors dyed their robes, and the secret of which had been lost for centuries.

But there is a moral to this story. Perkin peddled his dyes up and down this country for years, and not a manufacturer would listen to him.

Except one small Paisley works which tried a skein of silk through Perkin's dyes with triumphant success. It shortly afterwards failed for lack of money.

Heart-broken, Perkin went to Germany with his dyes. The chemical manufacturers there almost fell on his neck.

Until the war the Germans had almost a world monopoly of aniline products. It was their staple industry, and it is no exaggeration to say that its profits formed a large part of their coffers of war.

The industry was also the sinews of war in another sense, because an aniline works can be converted into an explosive works in a few days.

But chemistry is so all-embracing in its efforts to improve life and living, and has stretched its tentacles so far and wide, that even the food question is not of paramount importance.

With nothing is it more intimately interwoven than with medicine. The manufacture of drugs, antiseptics, anæsthetics, and so on are entirely the work of the chemist.

It is not death!

In the alleviation of pain and the cure of illness the researches of the chemist have been vital and invaluable.

If the bark of a tree, for example, were known to be efficient in the cure of a certain disease, he has made it his business to trace and extract the active principles in the naturally-occurring substance, and then to reproduce the drug, or even an improvement on it, in his laboratory.

Working on lines like these, the chemist has been able to synthesise some of the most important drugs known to the world.

Cocaine, for instance, was usually extracted from the leaves of the coco-plant; the chemist reproduced it synthetically. He went even further. He discovered novocaine and other compounds equally valuable as anæsthetics, but far less poisonous than cocaine.

Women are consistent and useful in research work

Aspirin is another boon to mankind for which the chemist has to be thanked; like cocaine, its discovery depended on the medicinal properties of a natural bark.

Undeterred by the fact that it had existed since the dawn of humanity, the chemists tackled the dread disease of leprosy, which had always been believed to be incurable, and for the victims of which there was no prospect beyond that of a lingering, horrible death in a leper colony.

It was discovered, however, that the oil of a Burmese tree—the chaulmoogra—was able to effect a cure. The effects of the oil, however, were so obnoxious that patients actually refused to continue the treatment.

And then a British doctor isolated the active constituents in the oil, and prepared from them derivatives that could be employed with effects far less nauseating.

Not all such curative substances are produced through the medium of natural drugs. Many are purely laboratory products, unknown or not yet discovered in a natural state.

Others occur in the glands of animals. Diabetes is a disease which can be arrested by a substance that could be extracted from the sweetbreads of cattle and injected into the patient with wonderful results. Hence insulin.

In helping to advance science the chemist has again performed marvels. He has aided in reducing pain to a minimum. He manufactures rubber, quinine, "silk" clothing and explosives from trees.

He prepares anæsthetics from the air, and from evil-smelling coal-tar he distils exquisite perfumes and rare dyes. He has furnished the materials for roads, bridges, railways, ships and aeroplanes. He fills the monster airships with gases.

He is surely a wizard, since he recently demonstrated how to produce sugar from sawdust. In radium he has produced a magic metal which dazzles even his brilliant self.

Two-edged sword

It is a sad but ineyitable fact that the chemist's genius must also be concentrated upon things brutal as well as humanitarian.

"Civilisation" demands that chemical research shall inflict pain, misery and disaster as well as prevent such things.

While still wearing the badge of the crusade against suffering, the chemist is also a recruit of Mars.

The chemist produced not only quinine, but also cordite; not only phosphates, but phosgene.

During the last eighty years he has directed his researches to the discovery of explosives more powerful and deadly than gunpowder, and has succeeded beyond expectations.

Lyddite, cordite, dynamite, T.N.T.—the names are disquietly familiar.

It is heartening to reflect, however, that they have uses other than the dread purposes of war.

Huge quantities are utilised in industry; they are indispensable in mining and excavation work; they have simplified the construction of railways and roads and canals.

And then gas—poison-gas. For fifteen years the chemist has been experimenting with this evil weapon of human destruction.

Many forms of this new element in war are still a mystery to the public. Those used in the Great War are already antiquated and comparatively harmless.

The greatest aim

To-day there exist poison-gases which could wipe out the whole of the population of London within a few hours.

The agonies inflicted by chlorine and phosgene are terrible to dwell upon, but their terror fades before Lewisite, a gas invented by an American, and so powerful that it renders even gas-masks impotent.

Rumour states that this gas was about to be employed by the Allies at the time of the German *débâcle*, and that a knowledge of this fact hastened the enemy surrender.

It may be that chemistry which makes such devilish warfare possible will ultimately make it impossible if the world is to be preserved.

The destruction of this, life's greatest bogey, would be the crowning achievement of this Age of Stinks!

You fellows aim at smoke pleasure! Well, here's a word of advice—Try a Manikin!

There's real smoke-joy in store for you there—A new and delightful experience and not expensive.

Manikins are a pleasure well within the reach of all—they cost but 2d. each—outlast many cigarettes, and their nutty, Mild-Havana-Flavour will ensure you an evening's enjoyment.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

GOOD CLOTHES FOR MEN
Stylish, comfortable SUITS in all the most attractive Cloths, to measure at 45/- 50/- and 63/- Small Deposit and Easy Monthly Payments. 30 years reputation for Good Tailoring, Good Style, Good Fit and Good Quality. Spring and Summer Patterns now ready and Post Free, with simple self measurement form and instructions. Satisfaction guaranteed.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

A VERY OCCULT GUINEA

The sitters and the "medium" in this seance are sceptics, and our photographer has ingeniously arranged the effects

SPIRITUALISTIC mediums to-day may be divided into two classes—those who take a guinea an hour from single privileged sitters and those who make up this sum by simultaneously entertaining groups of eight or more at half a crown a head.

The two examples given in this article will show how easily these people make money out of silly and hysterical sitters.

I propose, first, to describe a séance with Mrs. Mason, who is to-day the most fashionable of the expensive class of mediums, and, secondly, one with Mrs. E. M. Neville, representing the cheaper, wholesale department of this strange business.

Mrs. Mason performs partly under the auspices of the London Spiritualist Alliance, Ltd., at 16, Queensberry Place, London, in the same house as Mr. Harry Price's "National Laboratory for Psychical Research," and partly for the "British College of Psychic Science," at 15, Queen's Gate, London.

The first association, which "features" her and collects her fees, is prosperous enough to maintain a large office, a library of spiritualistic publications, and, on the upper floor, several rooms where mediums entertain their clients. Spiritualism evidently pays.

Behind locked doors

It was in one of these rooms that I recently visited Mrs. Mason.

She shook hands, locked the door, and, sitting opposite to me at a table, informed me that, as soon as she went into a trance, she would be controlled by a child spirit named "Maisie."

She begged me to be sure to welcome this visitant with the words, "Good morning, Maisie"; and also, to ensure the success of the sitting, I was to be sure to answer all "Maisie's" questions.

Then, crossing her arms and legs, she shut her eyes for a few seconds.

Opening her eyes again, she said to me, in a childish voice with a kind of foreign accent, "Good mornin', gen'leman." I replied, as instructed, "Good morning, Maisie."

I had expected "Maisie" to answer *my* questions; instead, I had to answer a string of hers, which included the question whether my father had "passed over." I replied that he had.

"Maisie" changed the subject, but, a minute later, announced that a "dear old gen'leman," between sixty and eighty years of age, wished to communicate with me from the spirit world.

Wasn't he my father? she asked. I said that his age ruled him out.

She then changed the subject again by asking me if the names, "John, James, Harry, Dick, Tom or Bert," and one or two others, recalled any one very dear to me who had "passed over."

I could not honestly recall anyone with any of these names who had died and with whom I wished to communicate.

"Maisie" seemed rather disappointed, and hastily offered me some details of life in the spirit world.

It seems that everything is all right there, and she assured me that I had no cause to worry about any of my dead friends.

String of names

Suddenly, with an appearance of enthusiasm, she announced that the spirit of a man, between the ages of twenty and forty, wanted to speak to me.

"Isn't he the gen'leman's father?" she asked. Again I had to disappoint her.

She then asked me if the names, "Mary, May, Lizzie, Margaret, Bessie, Winnie—oh yes, gen'leman, Winnie—I hear Winnie so distinctly," reminded me of anybody who was dead.

For the life of me I could think of no one with these names who could possibly wish to communicate with me from the spirit world.

A little bitterly, "Maisie" then put another series of questions to me about my position, my work, my habits and my friends, thus acquiring a considerable stock of information about me. But she told me nothing for myself.

Next she announced my father again. This time his spirit was that of a man between the ages of forty and fifty.

Now my father died when he was fifty-four; "Maisie" had so far placed him between the ages of twenty and forty, between forty and fifty, and between sixty and eighty.

By a slip, she had missed the only ten years that mattered.

This was typical of her methods. Dodging from one subject to another, she asked me innumerable questions; then, a few minutes later, she would spring a statement at me which I recognised as the fruit of her previous questions.

Easy winners

She also employed an ingenious device, of which the following is an example: "Is your work in the north—no; Maisie means the south of London."

It was not difficult for her to score an occasional winner this way; and she showed great satisfaction when she did.

In this particular case, she seemed a little disconcerted when I told her that my work was neither north nor south of London, but in London itself.

I sat through more than half an hour of this nonsense, during which time I did my best to assist "Maisie" with absolutely truthful answers. But she never stated a single fact which she had not gleaned from my answers to her questions.

At last I decided to take the offensive. When, on one occasion, she hesitated for a word and said, "Maisie doesn't know how the gen'leman says dis in English," I asked which was her native language, and offered to speak with her in it. The offer was hastily declined.

In reply to questions on other topics, I pretended to let slip the "facts" that my mother was dead; that her name was Peggie; that she had been a noted musician; and that she had lived for many years with my Aunt Jane (also deceased) in France.

Happy halls

As a matter of fact, both women are alive and well; my mother's name is not Peggie; she is not a musician; and my aunt has never lived in France.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when, a few minutes later, "Maisie" triumphantly informed me that she could see my mother—oh, so clearly—in the spirit world.

My mother, it seemed, was very anxious for me to know, through "Maisie," that she was very, very happy and spent all her time in "halls of music," while my Aunt Jane, equally happy, was teaching French there.

"Maisie" could now, she said, hear my mother's name quite distinctly. It was Peggie!

I put several questions through "Maisie" to the alleged spirit of my mother, and learned, for example, several details of her life and her last illness—all of which "facts" I had strangely let slip in reply to the medium's questions on other subjects.

* * *

The Marylebone Spiritualist Association, Ltd., of 42, Russell Square, London, caters for a less prosperous public than "Maisie," but it makes up in numbers what it lacks in fees.

You can become a member of the association for a few shillings, or an associate for rather less. Then you have the privilege of entry to all kinds of "psychic" wonders.

There are three "group séances for trance and normal clairvoyance, limited to ten sitters"; members pay half a crown, associates 3s. 6d.

In addition, there is a "special" group séance, limited to eight sitters," at which the fees are raised a shilling.

Medicine Man

There are, moreover, two "trance addresses" every week, for a shilling and eighteenpence respectively, and "every Wednesday, at 2.30 and 7 p.m., Medicine Man, the control of Mr. Jones, will diagnose and give treatment.

"No charge is made, but a silver collection will be taken to defray expenses."

Finally, the expensive client is catered for. If he is rich and eccentric enough to desire a private sitting with a medium, he may have one for a guinea, if he is a member, or for 26s if an associate.

But it is certain that this estimable society draws most of its clients for the cheaper séances.

I recently took part in one of these group meetings, at which the medium was Mrs. E. M. Neville.

Her methods were not dissimilar from Mrs. Mason's; but the main difference between the guinea and the half-crown touch was the lack of privacy and the speed with which the séance was conducted.

What a pity it is that people waste money in this way.

Songs you'll Sing by the SEA

THE sea-side puts the song into summer. There are sound-waves on the shingle. The magic of melody drifts o'nights round pier and bandstand and promenade to witch the holiday reveller. There is a humming evening chorus from Bossiemouth to Leigh.

Popular songs have a short life and merry one. Last season's enchantments are dead and buried. But Pierrot is back again, fresh but familiar in his motley, with a treasure-trove of new bits to unload.

He has new and fascinating waltz-songs for sweethearts to croon under the cliff-shadow: new laugh-makers for Darby and Joan, spending their modest savings from the tea-pot bank on the mantelpiece, and trying to capture as many smiles as will fill a fortnight.

Why Amy flew

He has new thrills for flappers to rehearse from their deck-chairs, and then sing as they spin pillion-way to paradise.

And not only Pierrot. The Jack Hyltons of the hotels and the Jack Haynes of the Palais-de-danse resorts have all new numbers to delight the ballroom throngs, intriguing melodies whose strains breathe the romance and fun and frolic of another and new holiday time.

One of the most popular and appealing joy-songs of the summer will be "Amy," a tribute in melody to Miss Amy Johnson, whose lone flight to Australia thrilled the world.

Horatio Nicholls has composed the music and J. G. Gilbert the words.

When Miss Johnson returns to England she will discover that this anthem in praise of her epic flight has captured the imagination of tens of thousands of holidaymakers everywhere:

"Amy, wonderful Amy, how can you
blame me for loving you?
Since you've won the praise of
every nation, you have filled my
heart with admiration;
Amy, wonderful Amy,
I'm proud of the way you flew."

That's the lilting, "heart-melting" chorus Amy will hear. Its words are scarcely academic, but it hardly matters. The holiday hordes will want to pay a tribute, and here it is; easy to speak, easy to sing, rousing, melodious, spontaneous.

100 per cent. romance

"Amy" pageants have already been organised. "Amy" souvenirs are being broadcast with "Amy" music. "Amy" records are heard on the river. With the sky-queen's return it will be at the peak of its popularity.

But this is mainly a safety-valve for enthusiasm, a commemorative piece. The holiday crowds cry for languid airs that melt into the summer twilight, haunting melodies packed with a 100 per cent. romance.

They want catchy contentments for the ear, in which they can forget the workaday world, full of love and moonlight and kisses. They don't mean much, except a rest from care—and that's something, after all.

And they have them.

There is "Blue Pacific Moonlight," by Jack Payne and Wallace Herbert,

Horatio Nicholls (above) has written the music for a song in tribute to Amy, the air ace. J. G. Gilbert (in square) wrote the verses. Jack Payne (right) of "Blue Pacific Moonlight" fame

a languorous Southern valse, packed with all the ingredients of a carefree holiday success; just the thing for a delicate rendering in the gloaming or under the carnival lights.

You know A heart dreaming while the water is gleaming: lovers wandering under the palms in a June night, "'neath Blue Pacific Moonlight."

"Meet Me in My Dreams To-night" should be another holiday winner.

"Meet me in my dreams to-night,
dear;
Let me see your sunny smile.
Meet me in my dreams to-night,
dear:
Linger in my arms awhile.
You have been my inspiration;
Love has been my guiding light.
When I close my eyes, my heart
cries,
Meet me in my dreams to-night."

Much as there is to condemn in the talkies, they have proved a fertile source for the propagation of popular melodies, and seaside singers and bands improve out of all proportion on their canned presentation.

"Singing in the Rain," although it has already had a splendid run, will cheer thousands on a wet holiday afternoon! You will hear the strains of "Happy Days," "I'm Following You," "The Pagan Love Song," and "Crying for the Carolines."

"Sob-stuff," of course, sweeps the summer resorts every year. It is unkind to condemn it. The words may be rubbish, and the melodies, to a critical ear, irritatingly prosaic; but holidays, after all, are holidays.

With the "sob-stuff" there is the broader humour. Holiday revellers will just love "The Barmaid's Song," with its rollicking chorus:

"Let's all sing the barmaid's song,
let's all sing the barmaid's song,
let's all sing the barmaid's song,
'Time, gentlemen, please!'"

And there is the spice of laughter, too, in "We're uncomfortable, so uncomfortable, now mother's gone away!"

In all this jolly makebelieve the English composer is this year well represented.

One well-known publisher, in spite of a heavy catalogue of American hits, is delighted that native works are more than holding their own.

Seaside exploitation has blown sky-high the idea that British song-writers are a futile lot.

Home of melody

They have taught themselves the game in a hard school. Ralph Butler, for instance, who is enjoying a deserved vogue with "All by Yourself in the Moonlight," "Misery Farm," and Riding on a Camel," is a farmer.

The inimitable Horatio Nicholls once sold sheet music in the market-square of a provincial city.

For fifty years the seaside has been a premier testing-ground for popular songs and melodies. Blackpool, for example, is almost unrivalled.

On its piers and parades, in its concert-halls and open spaces, they stage lavish shows, pageants and scenes illustrating and boosting the latest hits. Famous orchestras are engaged. Super-concert parties perform.

There are song-demonstration rooms where vocalists demonstrate the appeal and worth of a new number. Community concerts afford a chance for the public to sing and sample them.

Douglas, in the Isle of Man, is another famous song-centre which yields pride of place to none but Blackpool.

Yarmouth is making a bold bid for popularity; Margate is rapidly developing a "golden throat," and there is always, of course, Southend-on-Sea.

Resorts such as Bournemouth and Eastbourne, with their "high-brow" municipal orchestras and visiting populations of studious music-lovers, are chary of the "onion" melody and the boisterous ballad.

Well, it is holiday time, and the people are in quest of happiness. On with the song!

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Bare legs stretched out on the beach—how necessary for the modern girl to be entirely free from the slightest trace of disfiguring hair on all occasions. Nothing so completely destroys her charm and attractiveness. Dainty women have given up using razors! They find they are painful to use, leave dark shadows on the skin—and, moreover, make the hair grow faster and thicker.

Skilled chemists have at last perfected a perfumed cream, which removes the hair completely, quickly and easily. Simply spread it on as it comes from the tube—rinse it off—and the skin is left soft, smooth and white, without a sign of hair! No blunt hair-ends remain to shadow the whiteness of the skin. This Cream—called "Veet"—has been used by four million women, in all parts of the world. Every day, more and more dainty women are turning to "Veet," to save them from the stiff, coarse growth the use of a razor induces. 1/6d. and 3/- everywhere.

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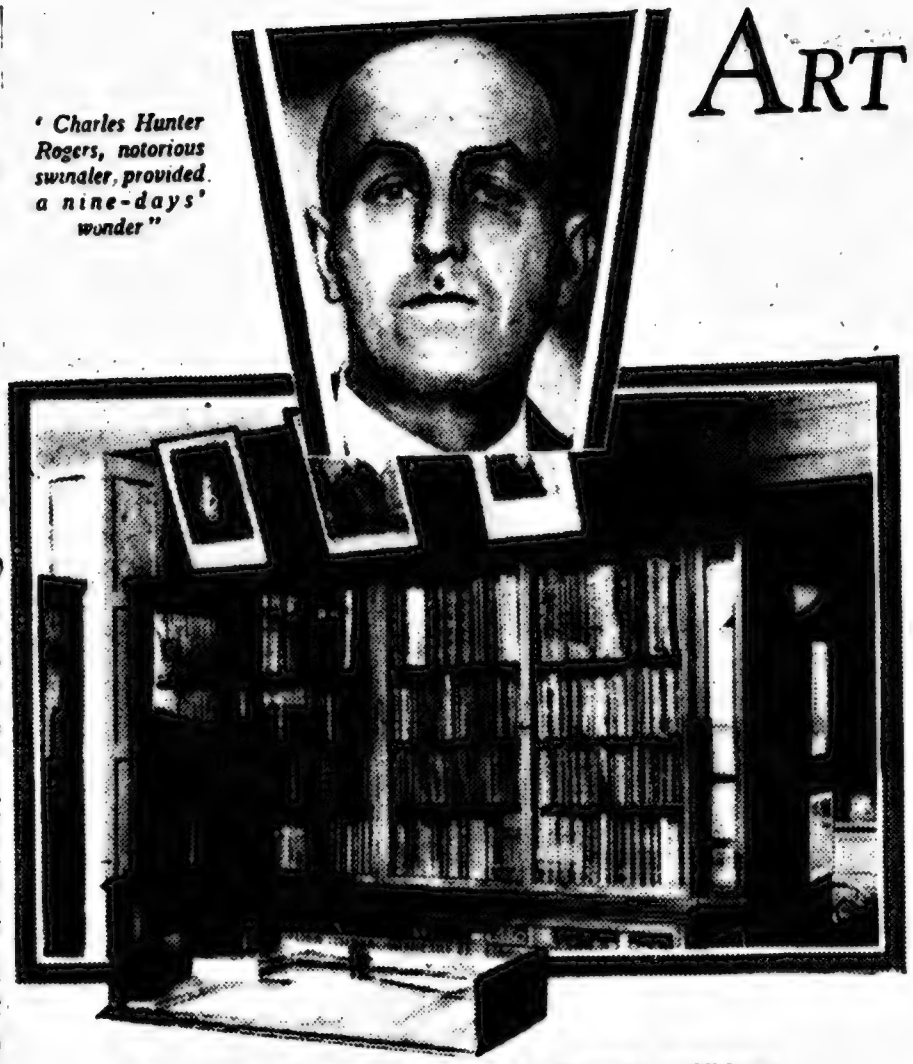
ART FORGER'S STARTLING CONFESSION



"Charles Hunter Rogers, notorious swindler, provided a nine-days' wonder"

Arlott penetrated even the highly reputable Tregaskis establishment with his faked relics, but without success

IF confession is good for the soul, we hope to make it exceptionally beneficial to one Samuel Arlott, of Reading.

This brazen individual has written us an audacious letter sneeringly referring to his own sinister connection with a series of misdemeanours which we exposed recently under the title of "Forgers of Famous Names."

"I would like to tell you how I came to write those fake letters," he swaggers, "especially as in your exposures of Charles Hunter Rogers, the so-called master-faker, you ignored my share in his work."

In the accompanying "confession" he seeks to dramatise himself as a very dashing and brilliant fellow, a genius far above the law.

And since, by his self-flattery, he seeks publicity, he shall have it.

We happen to know that Samuel Arlott is an ex-jailbird who has done "time" for the forging and uttering of £1 notes.

He has also two very unpleasant characteristics — exaggerated vanity and treachery towards associates.

Readers will recall that after our exposures of Samuel Arlott's old associate, Charles Hunter Rogers, the notorious antique-faker, many newspapers took up the matter in a jocular way, and made a nine-days' wonder of the shabby rogue.

The master rogue

It was our serious duty then to call the attention of the police to Rogers as a dangerous man, one of whose victims died of heart failure on discovering that he had parted with most of his money for old masters which were worthless fakes.

For the offences we then exposed Rogers is still in prison.

This remarkable confession we have received reminds us of the fact that, as far back as 1926, when we dealt with Rogers, Arlott was in association with him.

According to his own story, Arlott was employed at that time in an antique-shop.

Here one day he was visited by a ragged and hungry-looking man, who implored him to buy some old enamelled pot-lids.

As there were fifteen of these enamels worth about a guinea each, Arlott risked an offer of 10s. for the lot.

It was accepted eagerly. But within a month the hungry client returned transformed.

He was now Charles Hunter Rogers, the antique-dealer of Langley, Bucks., and he ordered a quantity of Elizabethan furniture, for which he paid £100 in cash.

He had raised himself from the poverty of the previous month by a sale of alleged Hoppner portraits.

He boasted to Arlott that the deception had been carried off with the help of some forged Hoppner letters which he had provided along with the painting.

Easy victims

Although the victim of this swindle died from shock when he discovered it, Arlott seems to have been filled with envy and admiration for Rogers.

Penn relics, Shakespeare relics, autograph manuscripts by Milton and Sir Thomas More, Wellington, Nelson, and nearly a score of other worthies flowed from the pens of the two antique-dealers.

In spite of hasty work and reckless duplication, they found victims all over the country.

A Bible dated 1577, genuine enough, but with the signature of Shakespeare added by the enterprising dealers, was an important item of this precious lot.

Arlott claims that this signature and most of the other relics were largely his work.

But so unjustly was his labour rewarded that Rogers got a lot of Captain Jaggard's money and *all of the publicity*.

This made Arlott so bitterly jealous that, in the language of the trade, he tried to "shop" his associate.

Eventually Rogers was arrested and convicted—still keeping all the limelight and leaving Arlott in the shade.

And now Arlott asks us for the limelight!

"Why," he tells us bitterly, "even the Elizabethan wooden spade which went with our best lot of buried treasure was made by me from an old wooden paling."

Arlott threw up all connection with his too-brilliant partner, left unfinished a marriage certificate which was to make regular the union of William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway, and started out in business independently.

His stock-in-trade consisted of some pages from an old *Strand Magazine*, published in the height of the autograph craze, on which were reproduced in facsimile letters from Dickens, Tennyson and other great Victorians.

Concentrating first on the Tennyson letter, Arlott made a number of copies, using a tube of ordinary Vandyke brown water-colour to give the effect of faded ink.

With this attempt he experienced remarkable success. An Oxford bookseller bought one and catalogued it with an interesting note.

Other experts in London and the provinces soon had their hearts gladdened with the same find.

Many of the recognised London experts were deceived, so that it is not surprising to find smaller booksellers in the university and cathedral towns, inland spas and south-coast resorts eagerly snapping them up.

Arlott still felt he could supply bigger and better relics.

Obtaining some old calf-bound volumes in Euston Market, he cut out the pages and inserted old fly-leaves, newspaper cuttings, and a sprinkling of letters from famous Victorians.

The most suitable authors and specimen reproductions of their signatures he obtained from a bookseller in Bloomsbury.

Fake scrap-books

Thus were produced the fake scrap-books which we exposed in a recent article.

Again the dealers proved gullible. Experts in London bought these books as readily as the Tennyson letter. The south-coast towns simply ate them.

Starting from Bournemouth, where he deceived about half a dozen booksellers, Arlott worked along the coast to Hastings, averaging, so he claims, profits of £10 a week.

His simple appearance was a great help. He looked what he pretended to be—a simple country marine-store dealer, who had found the volume among a lot of junk and "wondered if it might be worth anything."

The average price seems to have been about a guinea. Some were sold for less, and a Tunbridge Wells bookseller went as high as £2 10s.

One London bookseller, although "not able to guarantee" his specimen, informed our representative that "he would want a profit of £10."

We don't understand why; because we happen to know that Arlott was paid 30s. for this particular anthology of great epistles.

We may warn the public that there are about 150 similar volumes in circulation, as well as a number of "eighteenth-century Masonic Lodge registers," also of Arlott's manufacture.

The chief sufferer by the Masonic register fakes has been a photographer, who seems to have purchased two registers from Arlott directly, and had a number bought for him by other London booksellers.

The American "fell"

Another big sufferer was an unknown American visitor, who in the saloon-bar of a public-house in Brighton, paid Arlott £35 in notes for a similar Masonic register.

The trade should consider its position seriously in regard to these fakes.

The next confession we receive from Arlott will, we trust, be that he is going straight. Our columns are still at his disposal.

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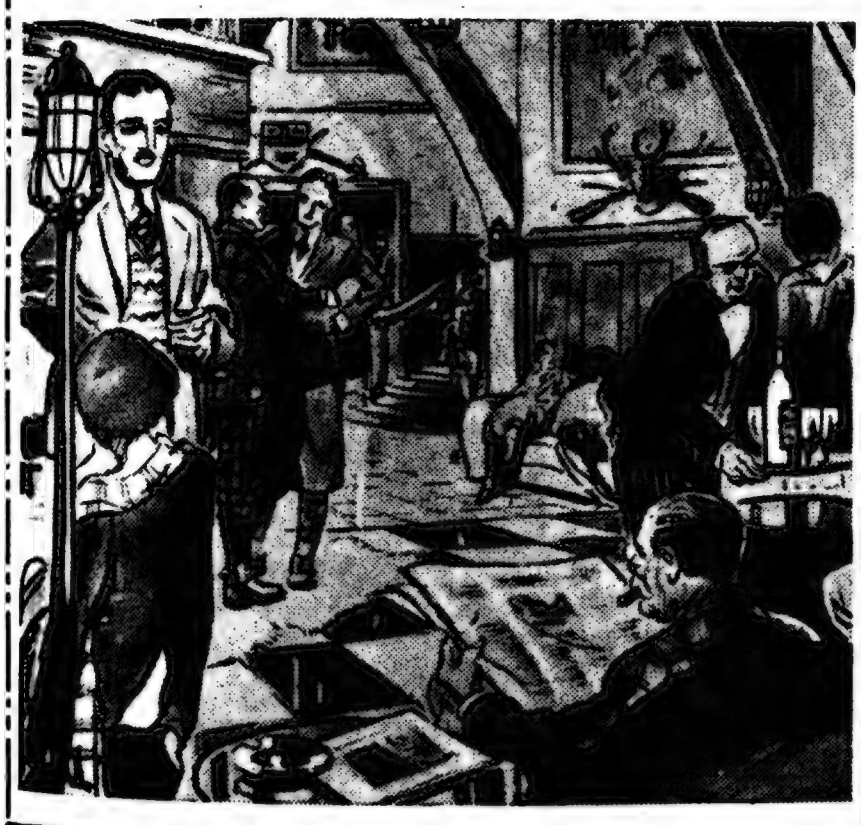

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Watch your dog carefully this month.

IN July dogs begin to feel the effects of Summer. Their skin is non-porous and their blood overheats rapidly. In their natural state of freedom they avoided the extreme heat by roaming and kept the blood cool and pure by using Nature's blood correctives, found in the wild grasses and herbs of the country.

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REAL LIFE STORIES—by Famous Authors

The Tragic Pendant

"A girl has fallen from an upper window"

Illustrated by C. F. Pashley

by HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS

MRS. SMITH, the woman who told me this story, was the widow of a sea captain, and for years she had run a select little boarding-house in an East Coast town.

During the season this enterprise did well, but there were very few regular guests throughout the winter.

There was Mrs. Van Dreisen, an elderly woman, who occupied the large bedroom and sitting-room on the first floor.

Her nephew, Arthur Mansfield, a Civil Servant waiting to be posted to Calcutta, had taken a couple of rooms; and Freda Morgan, a pleasant girl of twenty-two, secretary to a local firm, had been a resident for two years.

There was also a niece of Mrs. Van Dreisen, Judith Grant, who had a flat near by. She visited her aunt frequently.

Her relationship to Arthur Mansfield was distant—in fact, she thought of him as her future husband.

A group of commonplace actors, you will say. Yet they became involved in a sudden horror, a drama of petty jealousy, with terribly disproportionate consequence—and a gruesome accident.

Mrs. Van Dreisen, as the most important guest, was a power in the house.

She knew that the presence of Arthur Mansfield and herself meant a lot to Mrs. Smith, monetarily, at least.

So when Freda, who was a distinctly pretty girl, attracted Arthur's attention, Mrs. Van Dreisen did not hesitate to speak to Mrs. Smith.

She had other ideas for Arthur. Whatever she possessed would go to Arthur *and Judith*.

Mrs. Smith's eyes avoided the face of the bullying old woman, and rested, as she found they usually did, on the large diamond pendant, worth fully a hundred pounds, which was suspended round Mrs. Van Dreisen's neck by a thin gold chain; no prettiness about it—merest ostentation.

While Mrs. Smith thought uneasily of the consequences should her rich guest depart, Mrs. Van Dreisen shook her jewellery like a harness, and proceeded with the ultimatum.

Yes, the boarding-house with Freda in it was a menace. She didn't want to leave, but——. Perhaps Mrs. Smith could settle the matter.

This was her last word. She rose and turned to the door.

Mrs. Smith heard the stairs creak under the weighty descent to the drawing-room. But before Mrs. Van Dreisen could have reached it, the drawing-room door opened and quickly shut—slammed, in fact.

Then she heard the stairs being ascended again. Two people this time.

The puffing old woman and her angry niece burst into Mrs. Smith's room without pausing to knock.

Mrs. Smith gathered that Judith had been in the drawing-room with Arthur and Freda. They had been carefully polite, but it became clear to Judith that she was unwanted.

Even her own pet marmoset, a present from Arthur when he was last abroad, would now play only with Freda and Arthur.

This being slighted by a wretched monkey seemed a ludicrous cause for such an emotional explosion.

The truth was that these two selfish people were furious that anything should thwart them.

Half an hour of this storm forced Mrs. Smith to plead, quite truthfully, a headache as cause for retiring immediately to her bed.

Before Mrs. Van Dreisen could be induced to rest, she descended again to the drawing-room, intending to say something crushing to her nephew.

But at the sight of the young people's evident resentment of her intrusion she completely lost her self-control. She called Arthur an ungrateful young fool.

ALMOST at the first word of the old woman's vulgar tirade, Freda had paled slightly, and then hurried away.

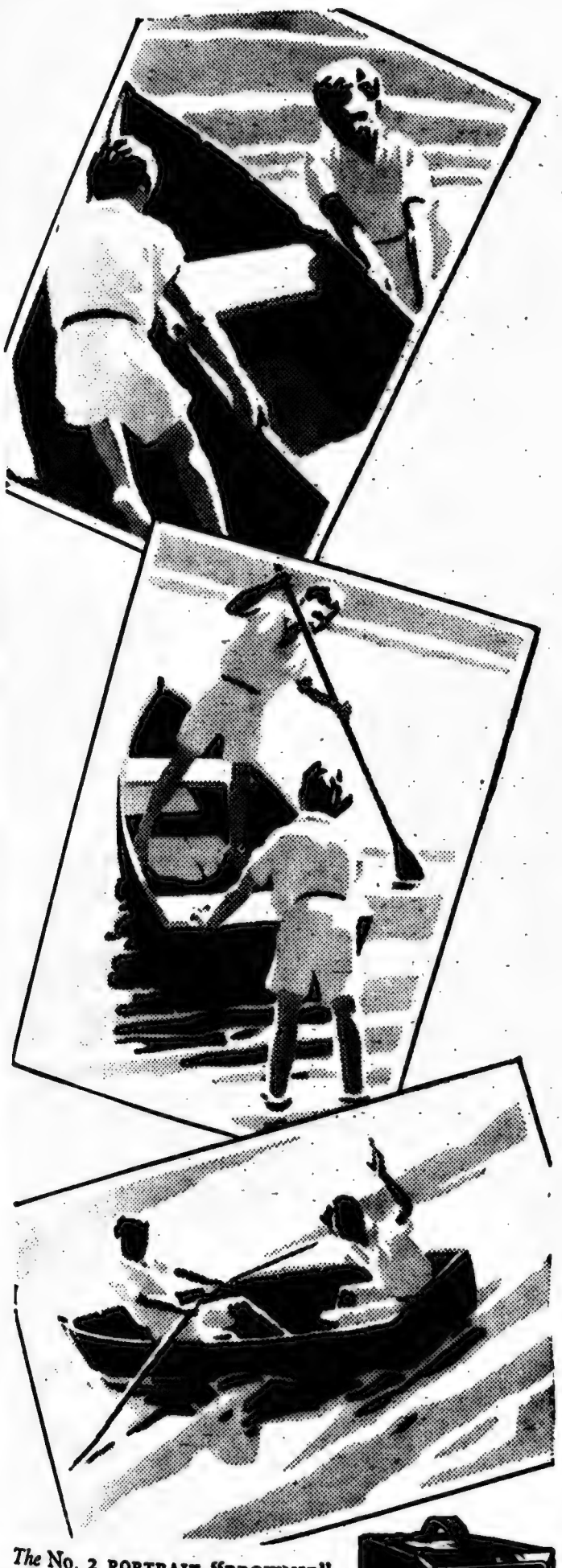
Mrs. Van Dreisen remained oblivious of this, because she had a nervous trick of shutting her eyes while scolding.

Opening them now, she was surprised to see Arthur alone, standing before her. His face was set, but his voice was low and quiet.

"I don't know what justification you have for this, aunt," he said. "Judith and I have always been good friends, but I have never pretended to care for her in any other way. I'm sorry you disapprove, but I love Freda."

Mrs. Van Dreisen made as if to put her hand to her heart in face of this avowal, but, as though it were symbolically, her plump fingers closed

(*Continued on page 26*)



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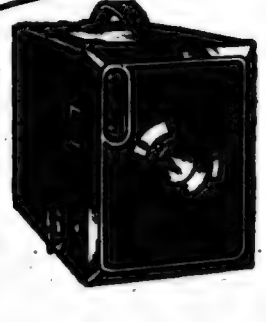

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

THE TRAGIC PENDANT—*continued from page 24*

instead on the pendant, where it hung on its thin gold chain.

She had behaved too offensively to awaken now Arthur's usually quick sympathy. His relentless voice continued:

"Yes, aunt, I love Freda, and I can afford to marry her without your money. The post in Calcutta has been confirmed, and I shall ask Freda this evening if, when I leave England, she will go with me."

Mrs. Van Dreisen seemed ready to shriek. In a furious paroxysm, she flung out of the door, not noticing in her rage that she had smashed the pendant-chain.

The maid, Elizabeth, was not in the dressing-room, luckily for herself.

She had been waiting as usual to assist Mrs. Van Dreisen's elaborate undressing, but, hearing the outrageous storm in the drawing-room, she had reflected that after all she was Mrs. Smith's employee, and retired to the safety of her bed.

IN the dressing-room Mrs. Van Dreisen approached the low dressing-table, with its triple mirror, but instead of the usual reflection of complacent self-satisfaction, her looking-glass showed the angry face of a defeated old woman.

Mrs. Van Dreisen slunk to her bed, omitting even that final toying with her ornate jewellery and careful locking of the jewel-case, which normally was her nightly ritual.

She woke next morning filled with rancour. She did not wait lazily for Elizabeth, but rose at once and went to her dressing-room.

As if to invoke her gods, she looked at once to the jewel-case—it was open, and her favourite diamond-pendant was missing!

Nearly choking with indignation, she rang the bell again and again until Mrs. Smith and Elizabeth both came running.

"I have been robbed," she shouted; "robbed in your house, Mrs. Smith! Why did I ever come here——"

Mrs. Smith, though aghast, resented this. "I can answer for myself and Elizabeth," she said. "Elizabeth has been with me fourteen years——"

Elizabeth herself seemed thunderstruck. Now almost involuntarily she exclaimed: "Oh, surely she couldn't have done it——?" She broke off abruptly.

"She? Who?" cried Mrs. Van Dreisen sharply.

Elizabeth still hesitated.

"What is it, girl?" demanded Mrs. Smith.

Then slowly, like one remembering carefully, Elizabeth spoke.

She had slept badly—being somewhat nervous before going to bed. She had heard the whole house settling down.

SOME time after Mrs. Van Dreisen had gone to bed, Arthur and Freda returned to the house.

After a slight delay, Arthur had gone to his room and Freda came up to hers—it was on the second floor, next to Elizabeth's.

Later one o'clock struck; then two, and as sleep almost enveloped her at last, she was suddenly aroused by hearing Freda's door opening softly.

Light steps passed her room and descended the stairs. Elizabeth sat up and listened, but a long time elapsed and Freda did not return. Feeling uneasy, Elizabeth rose and peeped down the stairs.

The moon, shining through a window at the far end of the first-floor passage, flooded the place with light.

She was just in time to see Freda coming stealthily towards the stairs from the direction of Mrs. Van Dreisen's room.

Unwilling to be caught spying, Elizabeth retreated hastily. As she slipped into bed she heard Freda creep quietly back to her room and shut the door.

When the maid finished her story Mrs. Van Dreisen looked significantly at Mrs. Smith.

Next week:

"The Vampire of the 'Voorndam'"

A real-life mystery of the sea, unravelled for the first time, by

FRANK H. SHAW,

Author of "Famous Shipwrecks"

"This appears very bad," said Mrs. Smith, shaking her head.

"Of course, she is guilty," said Mrs. Van Dreisen. "Her room must be searched. I'll have the police now."

Her voice was hoarse with anger, yet at this move Mrs. Smith faced her desperately.

"Don't do that," she begged; "it would ruin my place. We will search her room ourselves."

They met Freda on the stairs coming down to breakfast, and accosted her at once. Mrs. Smith spoke.

"Mrs. Van Dreisen has been robbed. Last night, Miss Morgan, about two o'clock, you were seen going down to the first floor. Please tell me what was your business there?"

"I—I came down to look at the moon," she stammered.

The outraged Mrs. Van Dreisen gave an incredulous snort.

"It is so, really," Freda protested tremulously. "I cannot see it from my room, so I went down to the window at the far end of the passage on the first floor. I could look over the sand-dunes to Silver Bay from there."

Her voice trailed off in the realisation that they were glaring at her unsympathetically.

"I'm afraid we must search your boxes," said Mrs. Smith; "please hand over your keys.

Freda paled with quick anger. "I'm not a thief. I won't."

"Then I will call the police," said Mrs. Van Dreisen.

HERE Arthur, who had been a dumbfounded spectator of the latter part of this scene, intervened and brought about the girl's surrender.

"Freda," he appealed, "let them search your boxes. Of course, they will find nothing. Afterwards you and I will leave this house immediately and be married as soon as possible."

Mrs. Smith and Elizabeth conducted the search while the rest looked on. Boxes, cupboards and drawers in turn yielded nothing, and Arthur's face began to lighten.

Elizabeth had mounted a chair near the wardrobe, and was passing her hand over the top.

An excited exclamation attracted everyone's attention to her. She jumped down and extended a clenched fist. Between the begrimed knuckles hung the broken ends of a gold chain.

Her fingers opened, and all eyes stared at the diamond glittering in her palm.

FOLLOWING a short, tense silence, Mrs. Van Dreisen exclaimed triumphantly, "You will not refuse to telephone for the police now, Mrs. Smith?"

With an anguished cry, Freda appealed to Arthur. "I never put her pendant there. You must believe me."

His face showed that he believed her guilty, but, unwilling to abandon her completely, he turned to his aunt.

"I will not have her prosecuted," he said. "You have your pendant back; let it go at that."

Mrs. Van Dreisen wore a look of crafty satisfaction. "She can go on one condition," she agreed—"that you never see her again."

Arthur turned to Freda instinctively. Then without a word he hurried from the room.

"Miss Morgan, please pack your things at once." Mrs. Smith's voice was icy.

The girl stood still and white as a statue while they left the room and locked the door upon her.

Not a word was spoken as they filed downstairs. The bell rang loudly, and Mrs. Smith ran to open the door.

A policeman brushed unceremoniously into the hall. "I must use your telephone to get an ambulance. A girl has fallen from an upper window—this house or the next—quick—she is terribly hurt."

Freda had escaped her shame!

An ambulance quickly responded to the policeman's call, and rushed the unfortunate girl to hospital. She arrived there dead.

Yet the irony of it! Her innocence was already being proved.

JUDITH GRANT, who, when she first heard of the accident, had echoed her aunt's unfeeling judgment, "She brought it on herself," became rather crushed on joining the subdued group in Mrs. Smith's drawing-room.

After greeting her quietly, Arthur went out. She sat on the couch for a moment in silence, and then her pet marmoset, frightened by the stillness, jumped hopefully in Judith's lap.

He offered her some links of gold which she recognised at once as part of Mrs. Van Dreisen's pendant.

The effect of this was startling. Judith sank heavily into the supporting cushions and seemed on the verge of collapse.

Mrs. Smith rose in alarm to help her, but was held frozen by the unnatural voice in which Judith started to speak.

"I see what has happened," she gasped. "While Arthur and Freda were on the dunes last night, I sat here on the couch, brooding.

"My marmoset, which had ignored me while they were about, was still in the room. He jumped up beside me, and I knocked him on the floor.

"As he sprawled there, in alarm, I was surprised to see my aunt's pendant, the chain broken, fall from his paw. He snatched it up and rushed away to his usual refuge—Freda's room. Wherever the pendant was found, the monkey must have put it."

This revelation was the end of all things for my poor friend, Mrs. Smith. The disclosure that she had been party to hounding an innocent girl to death shattered her world.

The ill-omened boarding-house was sold up, and all her subsequent enterprises failed for lack of heart.

Arthur Mansfield was never told. With his work in India, he might in time forget.

LOOK OUT!

Look out on July 17 for the JOHN BULL Holiday Annual, a budget of fun for 6d.

NEXT THURSDAY

What couldn't I do to a lager!

A lot of good things begin with an 'l'. Love, lobster, laughter—and lager! Good Barclay's lager! Crisp as a stick of celery! Creamy and cool as a snowdrift! It's Barclay's lager for you, if you've got a thirst that's worth the name!

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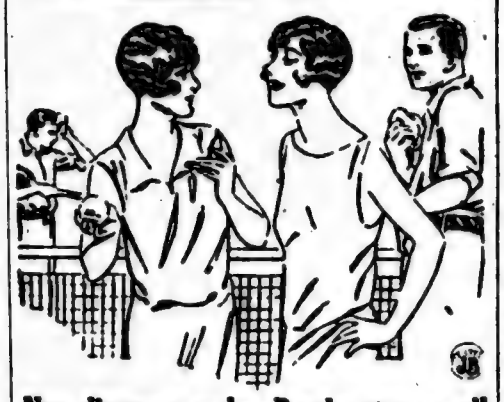
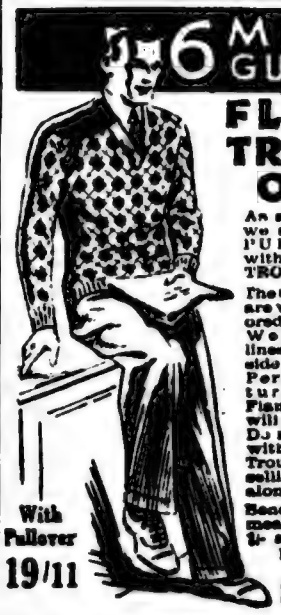
THE POWDER for SUMMER SPORTS



New discovery makes Powder stay on all day in the warmest weather.

Few face powders stay on very long on warm days, in gusty winds, or when playing tennis and other active sports. A woman using ordinary face powder simply must apply it frequently, otherwise she is disfigured by a shiny nose, glistening skin, and hot-looking face. There is a new ingredient which makes powder stay on all day so that the nose never gets shiny or the skin greasy-looking, even on the hottest days. This ingredient is *Mousse of Cream* scientifically blended during the manufacture of Poudre Tokalon. This will give you a skin of smoothest perfection and completely free from shine under all conditions and at all times. Poudre Tokalon has a faint fragrance which is alluring and fascinating. Try a box to-day and you will agree that it is the perfect face powder. There is a shade to suit every type, including Rachette, a dark Rachel, for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunettes. Your closest friends will never dream that your fresh complexion is not all your own natural beauty. 1/- a box. Large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3. Refills 9d.

6 MONTHS GUARANTEE



FLANNEL TROUSERS OFFER!

As a special inducement we are selling a Gent's PULLOVER together with a Pair of FLANNEL TROUSERS for 19/11.

The trousers are well tailored, cut on W e s t - e n d lines loopes side-straps Permanent turn-ups. Flannel that will give wonderful wear. Do not confuse this offer with a cheap Flannel Trousers offer. We were selling the same Trousers alone last year at 25/11.

FOR 1/- DOWN

Send waist and inside leg measurements. Also send 1/- and agree to pay 4/- per month.

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A Quixote who TURNED FORGER

AN ex-officer, during the war I married the girl who nursed me through my first wound. We were very happy for eleven years; then came the smashing blow. I lost my darling as the result of the birth of our third child.

Realising my helplessness as a widower with three small children, relatives offered to take them and leave me free to earn a living.

But I could not bring myself to accept the offer. I could not face the break-up of my home and I could not endure the thought of separating my little flock.

Through a friend, I got into touch with an old sergeant-major of my regiment, who had an elder daughter, a really beautiful young woman, and I arranged for her to come as my housekeeper.

IN a very short time we discovered we had much in common. We both liked books, music and the theatre, and we began to go about together. In the end we fell passionately in love.

At least, I did. I know now that she was just an unprincipled creature who used sex appeal to gain her own ends. Not realising this, I only lived for the moment I could call her my own.

In the interim, her father died, and as the family's income perished with him, they were soon destitute.

They were ordered to clear out of their house, and to provide them with shelter I took the widow and her younger children also into my home.

As the deceased man had drawn a war pension, I applied for his widow's war pension, but this was refused on technical grounds. An appeal was lodged, and meanwhile misfortune was crowned by my falling out of work.

I was so certain of success with the appeal that I kept my own tragedy secret, and in order to adequately feed and clothe my *protégés* I uttered forged bills of exchange to tradesmen.

Three months later the appeal was lost. Certain facts had been concealed and the man had no true claim.

The ground slid from beneath my feet, and I knew I had prison to face. My fiancée, to whom I confided everything, was deeply moved.

On the day I went down relatives came again and removed my children. Still I was happy in the thought that at least one woman was waiting for me and would help me to start afresh.

Yet, even before I had been in jail a week, I learned that she had met and attached herself to another man.

When, at the end of three months, I was free again, I found that my home had been sold up and the widow I had befriended vanished, taking with her the entire proceeds.

Was ever a man so punished for doing a charitable act?

"HUMANIST" says: It was not charity, but breaking both moral and civil law to rob tradespeople in order to carry on vulgar intrigue.

Retrieve matters by devoting yourself to the welfare of your motherless children and honouring the memory of your late wife.

SNOBBISH FATHER

and banished son

THE eldest son of a well-to-do family, after finishing school my greatest ambition was to become a practical engineer.

My father is a big fruit importer, and he had made up his mind that I should represent his interests abroad.

But when he found he could not do this he bound me as apprentice to an engineering firm.

Here, at the job I loved, I was very happy. I began to make friends with the younger workmen, visiting their homes and taking part in their sports.

When my father heard how my leisure hours were occupied he became very angry. He told me I was not only lowering myself, but demeaning the status of the whole family, and eventually I was told to give up my "low" companions or clear out.

I chose to leave home, and obtained lodging at the home of a friend. Thereafter, if any of my family met me in the street they cut me dead.

I am now assistant-manager at the works where I served my apprenticeship.

Now I hear that my father is in low health and worrying over his business. My mother writes that he is willing to receive me back home if I will help him to look after his interests.

SHE pleads that it is imperative that there should be no falling off in income, as both my brothers are still at Cambridge finishing their studies.

What is my duty? Should I overlook the fact that these are the same relatives who once threw me out?

And, above all, must I throw up my chosen career at the very moment when success is partially within my grasp?

"HUMANIST" says: First reconcile yourself with your parents. Possibly your father's attitude has undergone change.

There should be no need for you to give up your career so long as you have brothers at Cambridge capable of business.

HOLIDAY COUPLE

with slick fingers

TWO of the most troublesome and untiring crooks ever known to the police, both at Scotland Yard and in the provinces, are a certain young couple known as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bulmer.

This pair started their holidays some weeks ago, and have already visited a number of coastal resorts, including Brighton, Eastbourne, Sandwich, St. Helens, Blackpool, and Liverpool.

To-day a number of people in these places are much the poorer in consequence.

Mr. and Mrs. Bulmer vary their plundering methods at will.

Sometimes they confine themselves to rifling guests' bedrooms at the hotels in which they stay.

They work very deftly, and have even been known before departing to detach the page from the hotel register which bears their signatures.

At Ashburne they recently rented a furnished house, and appeared to settle down as model residents. Actually, they proceeded to run up credit at one shop after another.

Then, when the tradespeople began to press for payment, Mr. and Mrs. Bulmer played their final cards.

They had got to know a neighbour who had been left in charge of the house they had rented, and, having familiarised themselves with her movements, decided upon a daring coup.

Waiting until she went out one morning, they entered her home by a back door and helped themselves to everything of value on which they could lay their hands.

One favourite trick is to strike up a friendship with a publican or hotel proprietor well known in the district they happen to be visiting.

As a next step, they visit various shops in the district and select goods of all kinds.

When it comes to payment, they frankly confess that they are strangers to the district, but express the hope that their cheque will be accepted as "they happen to be" close friends of "Mr. So-and-so."

At the mention of the local hotel proprietor or publican, the shopkeepers agree to accept a cheque, and in this way the couple have obtained goods and change in return for worthless scraps of paper.

We hope a sharp watch will be kept for these offenders, and that they will soon be brought to book.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

DOUBLED BLOWS

on a cheery hero

ALTHOUGH he does not guess it, I am worried about my dad. He has always been of a cheerful disposition and a very hard worker. Where others grouse at ill-luck, dad always jokes.

Dad, by working early and late, managed to build up a flourishing business as decorator, builder and repairer, and was able to keep my mother and two little brothers in comfort.

One day last autumn he met with an accident by falling off a roof. He was so severely injured that he was entirely incapacitated from work and lay for long in hospital.

Still severely lamed and being sent to the sea to recuperate, he saw one day a mother and two children out bathing in dire danger of drowning.

With no thought for himself, he jumped into the sea, and, with the help of a sailor, saved their lives.

But this heroic deed, in his weak condition, all but cost him his own life. Dad was again confined to bed.

Mother and brothers are all living with me and my husband, and the struggle is terrific.

Dad's expression when he sees his idle tools lying useless in a corner goes right to my heart, but how to help him is beyond me.

"HUMANIST" says: You are helping by your loyal support.

Surely no father was ever more worthy of honour, and I trust that his townfolk will recognise that fact and not only help him through his illness, but be prepared to bring back business to his doors when he is recovered.

A Holiday Hint

Do you want to enjoy your picnic meals this summer? Turn to "The Greatest of These—" Fund on page 34 and learn how.

Don't forget

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The Kinema I WANT

SILENT

IT is said "You can always tell a lady when she opens her mouth." In that phrase you find the Talkie *v.* Silent solution.

My stars of the screen, in many cases, have fallen. They have opened their mouths for the talkies—and, oh, what voices for pretty faces!

I would have preferred the silent and to have remained in ignorance of this revelation.—*Surprised, Cardiff.*

Dry Up!

Nothing can beat a good silent film. Is zat so, big boy? Well, you sure said a mouthful; pull another wise crack like that an' I've a hunch you're sure gonna eat the dust.

Believe me, you big boob, when I says that these non-talkers are nothin' but a big chunk of baloney. It's jus' too bad that you wise guys can' appreciate English as she is spoke.

I guess I'm sure spilling the beans when I says that these talkies are the real reel goods and—oh, dry up!—*W. P., Morpeth.*

Give Us a Rest

As a schoolmistress I must vote for the silent films.

In these days we do far too much listening and give our poor hearing organs no rest.

We schoolmistresses are listening all day long. Modern schools are built with walls that open, and we can hear our fellow-teachers' voices on all sides, as well as those of the pupils.

We go home and "listen in." We travel with talkers, live with talkers, and have conversations at every meal.

The silent films are such a change, so restful and so peaceful.—*Lilian Alderson, Newcastle.*

The Contrast

They went to the silent pictures and sat side by side, her hand clasped in his. It was dark.

Far away the orchestra played dreamy music. He whispered sweet nothings in her ear.

What a wonderful world this is, and all for 6d.

* * *

They go to the talkies. There is now no dreamy music, but tinned jazz syncopation.

Ignoring the fierce expressions of the others, he whispers to her—she seems as though she might—but how can a man make love when at the crucial moment a Yank voice asks, "Say, big boy, what's got yer?"

And they charged an extra 2d. on the admission fee.—*P. Calvin, Edgware.*

Nearly Deaf

As I am a sufferer from catarrh, my hearing powers are somewhat restricted.

I feel out of tune when I go to the talkies, because I am able to grasp only a fraction of the conversation between the characters in the story.

Give me the quiet orchestral music where the silent films are exhibited.

Then my desire for fresh thoughts aroused from a pictorial version of a tale I can understand from A to Z is satisfied.—*Owd Chap, Bolton.*

One Stale Plot

I do not desire my heroine to say in the midst of the French Revolution, "Gee, ain't he marvellous!" It destroys the illusion.

I prefer the silent picture because it makes for enjoyment. This medley of machine-gun fire, ships' sirens, factory wheels, and aeroplane engines leaves me cold.

The makers of talking films, too, possess only one plot, and the spoken sentiment is sickening. Silence, please, for art's sake!—*Arthur L. Woolf, London.*

Noise—and More Noise

7-8 a.m.—Alarum, milkman, paper-boys, wife and youngsters.

8-9 a.m.—Trams, tube trains, traffic.

9 a.m.-1 p.m.—Telephone-bells, typewriters, tape machines, etc.

1-2 p.m.—Clattering crockery, shrill waitresses.

2-5.30 p.m.—More telephone bells, etc.

5.30-6.30 p.m.—More trams, etc.

6.30-7 p.m.—"The Day's Doings," by the wife.

7.15 p.m.—Silent pictures for me.—*Sid, Middx.*

My Case for (or Against) Tax on Food Imports

On page 17 are details of a ballot competition on the burning question of taxes on foreign food imports.

If you have something to say in addition to your vote and ballot estimate, put it in the form of a letter not exceeding 100 words.

10s. will be paid for each letter published. Separate envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 15.

Our Letter Parliament

TALKIE

IT is hardly logical to put the child-like intelligence of an infant against that of its parent. Yet the talkies in their extreme infancy, are compared with their silent brothers three years ago.

Talkies are the thing of the future and silent films will gradually die out.

But the talkies will have to be good not cheap American "sob-stuff."

English talkies must ultimately win through when they embrace English scenery, English voices and plots.—*Robert W. Lock, Exmouth.*

The Mum-Show

Give me the talkies every time. Why not have a change from the old-fashioned silent films, where one is apt to consider the picture as a sort of mum-show?

Let us have words and sounds so that we can imagine the actors and actresses to be before us in real life.

Also, give the not-too-well-off picture-goers a chance to hear the very best of music, instead of the usual flat-toned piano and the screeching violin, so often found in the average second-class kinema.—*Jos. E. Hounam, Carlisle.*

Doomed!

Silent films are doomed forgotten, beaten by the new and attractive talkies.

And why not? Think of all the lively music, singing, real sound effects, and the beautiful English spoken by your favourite actors.

Surely they are more educative, brighter and entertaining than the slow, dreary, silent films.

Certainly American slang phrases are repeated by our youth; but they are spoken derisively, and not in a serious manner.—*A. Simpson, Goole.*

Small Shows

To country folk like myself the talkies are one of the best of modern pleasures.

We get the finer orchestral music which our small town picture-hall could never afford in reality.

Also we gain a stronger interest in the actual story of the film by being able to follow every detail in sound as well as sight.

From the education point of view, we can hear many great men actually speak and see and hear of wondrous happenings all over the world which otherwise could never be our lot.—*N. C. Terry, Sussex.*

They Read Aloud

Talkies eliminate, to a great extent, the most annoying habit some people have of reading aloud the title and synopsis of the picture and of what is to be illustrated next.

One sees the temperamental ability of the artists, and feels the real atmospherical setting intended.

Talkies have subdued the producing of faked pictures, and contribute to life's moral lesson in a more active manner.—*T. S., Burnley.*

* * *

Captions

For the small sum of fourpence I have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing such a fine artist as Sybil Thorndike, a treat which I never imagined I would have.—*N. J., St. Helens.*

Give me the silent films. I can put words to the picture in my own way.—*Mrs. Thom, Banff.*

I would rather not hear the actor talk than hear a film-hero shout like a foghorn or a heroine screech like something inhuman.—*M. L. Gotts, Durham.*

Thanks to talkies, the illiterate can read and the blind may see the picture.—*B. H., Sheffield.*

British musicians have sacrificed their jobs to a lot of tin-canned music and nasal twang.—*J. Roberts, Manchester.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

One *for the* "Stewards"

A NUMBER of readers have asked considerably in advance for the "goods" for the Goodwood gamble, the Stewards' Cup.

Bobbie Jones, Manton's jockey.

At the best of times it is tempting Providence to meddle with this big sprint, but there is a lure about the "Stewards'" which catches every backer.

My choice is Fleeting Memory, about whom 16 to 1 can be obtained. A nice price, if it comes off.

Mr. Sol Joel's sprinter has a nasty habit of making trouble for himself at the gate; but I have noted that he has been desperately unlucky on more than one occasion this season.

We have another "Classic" this week, the Welsh Derby. JOHN BULL readers have had two of the last three winners of this race, Chantrey and Ox And Ass and I hope to see them "click" again with Sea Rover.

The Manton stable is bang in form, and Bobbie Jones' mount will not have much to beat.

One of my "brick-slingers" remarks that there has not been much shouting about the Code selections recently.

They were three and a half points up during Ascot week, and have held their own since, thanks to Persian Sun (5 to 1), Oratorium (9 to 4), and Hill Cat (5 to 1).

Week-end specials for Lingfield are Basra and Just So.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 10, to Wednesday, July 16.

A S 3 O E J W G P X C Z R H L
9 I K 2 F M D V Y B Q 5 T N U

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be. QUF9TQ9IN would read CLEAR CASH.

"SILVER RING."

Mr. RALPH LYNN, the celebrated actor, writes: "I consider 'Shavex' really splendid for shaving. It leaves the face soft and sweet, also removes the beard better than any shaving soap."

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver.

SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh. After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

SISTER: I have given up Alec while we were at a dance last night.
BROTHER: Why, has he been kissing another girl?
SISTER: No. He kissed me last night and his face was so rough it made my cheek sore. Nothing is more horrible to a girl than to shrink from a face that is like a lot of pins sticking into you.
BROTHER: He must be a fool. Why doesn't he use Shavex? He need only shave once a day and he will get a marvellous shave in a quarter of the time taken by anything else. My girl says my face is as soft as silk, and she asked me what perfume I used on my face. I told her it was all due to Shavex—the perfume and smoothness. Don't worry, old girl. I will tell Alec to use Shavex: you will find a big difference then.

Mr. ROBERT LORAINE, the great actor, writes: "I have found 'Shavex' a great improvement on the old soapy creams, and it is splendid for speed, smoothness and keeping the skin in a good condition. It gives me perfect satisfaction."

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

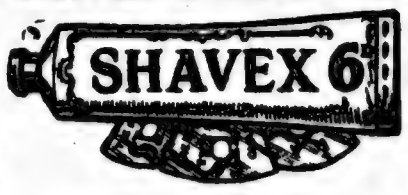
SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT

Large Tube **1/-** *Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts 4 months)* **1/6**

WONDERFUL REDUCTION SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

Of all Chemists and Stores:—One Blade 3d., instead of 4d. Packet of 5 Blades, 1/3

A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND 3 SHAVEX SUPER BLADES FOR 6d. See Coupon.



MARVELLOUS OFFER OF SHAVEX SUPER BLADES.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

for Three Shavex Super Blades and a Sample Tube of Shavex, Post Free. Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a **6d.** stamp to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co, Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SKIN DISEASES
Cured in a Night

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it.

Forget it being a patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. There is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Rabia Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it
CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

"A wonderful Soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."—Miss Lilian Braithwaite

"Unlike other soaps it does not dry up the skin, but has a softening and stimulating effect. It is a Perfect Soap."—Miss Madge Titheradge

"I can sincerely say that Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most beautiful soap for the complexion I have ever used."—Miss Phyllis Dare.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils—

These are the wholesale prices of some of the materials used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare these prices to Almond Oil, which is 3/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL costs 4d. per lb.
OLIVE OIL costs 7d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL costs 3/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like any other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the Hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

"Your Zee-Kol is excellent for the skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful soap."—Miss Fay Compton

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is wonderful for the skin. It keeps it so smooth and soothes it so much. I will recommend it always."—Miss Renee Kelly

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is glorious for the skin. It is so soothing and keeps the skin so smooth and firm. I will always recommend it."—Miss Edna Best.

DON'T SUFFER WITH DANGEROUS INDIGESTION

Do you suffer after meals with belching, from sour and acid stomach? Those who do sometimes fear they have heart trouble. These conditions can be quickly relieved and then prevented.

Take Carter's Little Liver Pills after meals. They disperse the gases and encourage digestion.

The stomach, liver and bowels will be cleansed of poison, and dangerous painful indigestion disappears. Ask your chemist for 1/3 or 3/- pkg. Carter's Little Liver Pills.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew, as shown in the portrait. Many persons — both men and women — who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using KOTALKO

Marvellous and steady growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of KOTALKO may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street, 53.RE., London, W.1.

Buy the Original
CORK LINO
CATESBYS

Why? Well, it lasts longer, saves labour, proves cheapest, better patterns, is the favourite floor covering backed by thirty years' testing: we've the greatest stock, and every bit is guaranteed. Book of coloured designs. Cash and Easy Terms prices post free if you write to: Dept. K19.

CATESBYS Ltd., Tottenham Ct. Road, London W.1.

300 SUICIDES Dr. C. W. SALEEBY, F.R.S.E., has recently called attention to the 300 suicides per annum by deadly disinfectants. "We ought to find *and use* disinfectants of a non-poisonous character, th s getting the good results we want without risk of evil."

The problem is solved by

THE FRAGRANT DISINFECTANT **VERPINE**

Verpine is absolutely non-poisonous and the only disinfectant to have in the Home, &c. Fragrant as a pine forest. Take no risk—use VERPINE. A Pint Tin of Verpine, to make 50 pints of fragrant and safe disinfectant, 4/6 post free from *The* VERPINE *Co.*, 61, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3

RHEUMATISM
INSTANT RELIEF!

FREE TRIAL

Thousands of people have gained relief from Rheumatic agonies by taking Urace Brand Tablets. Urace instantly relieves the harrowing pain — dissolves and banishes Uric acid and other poisonous accumulations — defends your system against further attacks. It is also good for sciatica, lumbago, backache, etc. In boxes 1/3, 3/- and 5/- from all chemists.

We will send you FREE, on receipt of 6d. for postage, etc., sample box of Urace Brand Tablets and a bottle of Urace Brand rheumatic liniment which kills pain without rubbing.

URACE BRAND TABLETS

Where external treatment is required use URACE Brand Liniment, which is specially prepared for all forms of rheumatic pains, stiffness, sciatica, etc. It quickly penetrates and speedily relieves. 1/3 and 2/-.

URACE LABORATORIES, 26, Provost St., London, N.1.

NO OPERATIONS should be permitted—

In the case of either Children or Adults suffering from Enlarged or Septic Tonsils, Adenoids or Nasal Obstruction before reading my pamphlets sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp. Consultations daily. Phone: Welbeck 2130. Advice by post for successful home treatment.

Lt.-Col. KYNASTON,
Room 2, 17, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

ANOTHER INCREASE!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £550 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 72 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity — no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), July 17th.

Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July 24th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, July 31st.

Result of Crossword No. 69 appears on page 36.

AN EXTRA £25 THIS WEEK AND AN EXTRA £50 FOR RUNNERS-UP

Put your best leg forward— win John Bull's

£550

MUST-BE-WON X-WORD.

GET off the mark smartly for JOHN BULL'S popular Crossword contest. Take the inside berth and make straight for the increased first prize of £550. All entrants start on an equal footing, so get well down to the clues now and romp home a winner!

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), July 17th.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three halfpenny** stamp and post to "**John Bull,**" **Crosswords (No. 72), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),** so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, July 17th.
Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed & Co. / — and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £550 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. **No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.**

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, July 31st.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £550 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by order first post **Tuesday, August 5th,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

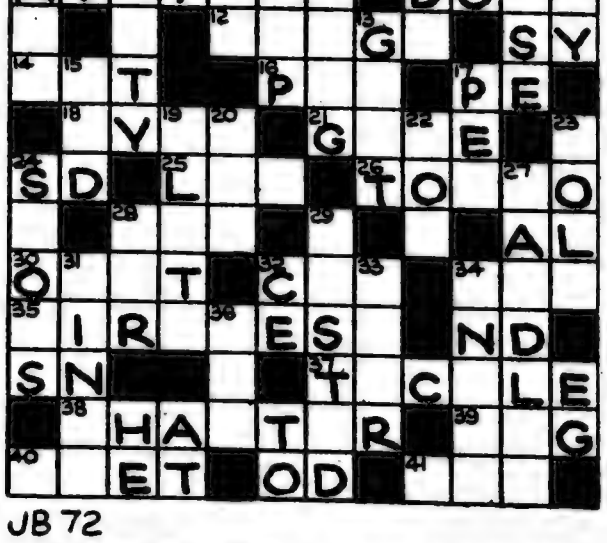
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 72

Entry Form "A."

JB 72

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB 72

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR both entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), July 17.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

CUT HERE

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

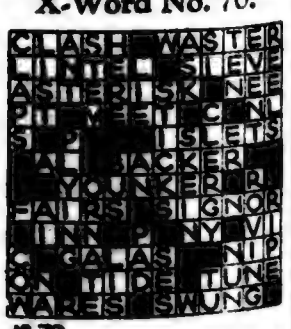
1. A youngster.
5. Add up.
9. Took the benefit of.
11. Entrance to a room.
12. Big.
14. Consume.
16. State of equality.
18. Coloured by dipping.
21. Taunt.
23. Not strict in morals.
26. Trunk.
28. A craze.
30. Leave out.
32. Feline animal.
34. Pass.
35. Why he stays up.
37. Used by anglers.
38. Talk rapidly.
39. Lower limb.
40. An assembly.
41. Part of dog's life.

Clues Down.

1. Every church has one.
2. Sometimes makes Tommy ill.
3. Measure of length.
4. Cut down grain.
6. Poem.
7. Nasal organ.
8. Make effort.
10. Haul.
13. Courage.
15. Tot up.
17. Through.
19. Exalt.
20. Father.
22. Pugilists do, in ring.
22. A game.
24. Provide fun at a fair.
27. Elder's horse is.
28. A tree.
29. Often done to food.
31. Chop fine.
33. Once ruled Russia.
34. Foot joint.
36. A house may be.

Chambers' 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest editions) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 70.



JB 70

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 70 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

NEXT WEEK'S PRIZE STILL BIGGER!

The EDITOR Replies

Write to "John Bull" about it!

T. L. (Cobham).—"A wasp has a very powerful eyesight." Then why does it so often settle on the wrong place.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service

H. C. (Swindon).—"The best feature of our railways is the system of signals." But the lines have their points.

EDGAR (Cheam).—"The richest man I ever knew began life without even a pair of shoes." Don't we all?

C. H. (Swanage).—"My wife says that she will dance on my grave when I die." Why not arrange to be buried at sea?

A. W. (Wigan).—"I always say things straight out. So I called him a perfect idiot." How like you!

VICAR (Birmingham).—"True nobility still has its value." Especially on a board of directors.

MARTHA (Tooting).—"It's love that makes the world go round." And it's marriage that makes it go flat.

P. E. (Keswick).—"I should not like to be alive a hundred years from now." Well, you won't, so why worry?

R. R. (Elland).—"I promised to pay the money back on the honour of a gentleman." Who was he?

N. T. (Newport).—"The leading actress did her best with very little material." About a couple of yards?

CLERK (Hounslow).—"How can I make any headway when I am continually glued to an office stool." Stick to it.

ZOOLOGIST (Regent's Park).—"An elephant can be heard twelve miles away." Our trunk calls aren't so successful.

HAL (Greenock).—"I tell everybody that my dog is just as intelligent as myself." But is that fair on the dog?

S. S. (Halifax).—"I have bought a car, but I am afraid I am living beyond my station." Isn't that why you bought a car?

DAISY (Southend).—"I love little men. I mean to marry the first one that hurries up and proposes to me." Well, he won't be long.

J. A. (Soho).—"My doctor tells me that slow eating unlocks the door to health." You certainly should not bolt your food.

W. A. (Watford).—"The solicitor said my case raised a nice point of law." Then you will probably get a nice bill of costs.

R. D. (Bagshot).—"He's called a popular author, although he hasn't written anything for years." That's why he's popular.

J. S. (Daventry).—"Slight rainfall causes wireless programmes to be more clearly heard." Nature can be very cruel at times.

C. V. (Egremont).—"In the Congo wives are not allowed to speak." Who said the inhabitants were unenlightened?

K. B. (Worksop).—"You'll never stop an Englishman from sticking up for his beer." Certainly not. It is the old national tradition of championing the weak.

S. B. (Edinburgh).—"Although the usual number of players is nine, many jazz bands have twice that number." Nevertheless, they all sound like one over the eight.

E. P. (Cookham).—"I wonder why women are taking more and more to rowing." Well, look what a chance they get of saying something about another woman behind her back.

D. D. (Rastrick).—"They began to fight and started hammering each other with two stools. I could not intervene to make the peace." Why? Wasn't there a third stool handy?

H. C. (Bath).—"Most banks now have an apparatus for depositing money after they are closed." But we want a scheme to make it possible to overdraw on Saturday evenings.

R. W. (Cheltenham).—"Some men are born meek." Others, of course, get married.

A. G. (Wimbledon).—"White shoes are signs of summer." And almost-white shoes are signs of last summer.

G. D. (Woking).—"Can you tell me of anything to keep down gas bills?" Try a paper-weight.

E. W. (Leeds).—"An American says that women are greater go-getters than men." Well, after a fashion, they are.

A. L. (Thornton Heath).—"Girls cause less anxiety than boys." Maybe to their parents.

J. S. (Molesey).—"I make it a practice to get two orders at every place at which I call." Get out and stay out.

P. N. (Penrith).—"How I long to win five thousand pounds so that——." You can buy the hat your wife has longed to wear.

F. B. (Liverpool).—"Matrimony is like nothing on earth." You are wrong, it's very like telephony—one often gets the person one didn't want.

W. A. (Venice).—"The deaf, dumb and blind fare well in Italy." They should; they come very close to Mussolini's ideal of citizenship.

W. B. (Stockwell).—"Which do you consider to be the most interesting years in a woman's life?" The first three or four before she is twenty-one.

E. K. (Loughton).—"Thousands of pounds are spent every year on advertising sardines." But never a penny is spent on more commodious quarters for the poor things.

W. S. (Southampton).—"Scientists say that in a few million years there will be no coal." The time seems rather long to wait for the settlement of a controversy involving so many interests.

S. L. (Mowbray).—"I care nothing for my husband." Yet you live on his account.

F. S. (Carlisle).—"An American tinned-meat merchant claims that he never stops hustling." His business is always pressing, of course.

D. B. S. (London, W.).—"A well-known London orchestra-leader can run 100 yards in ten seconds." A sort of lightning conductor.

J. M. M'G. (Glasgow).—"The plans for the gigantic bathing-pool on the west coast have fallen through." The scheme wouldn't hold water.

J. M. (Carstairs).—"In anticipation of extra work during the summer, railway clerks who consult time-tables for holiday passengers have had their salaries raised." Their job is looking up.

M. G. (Goole).—"I have never yet mastered the art of getting rich without working." Neither have we, but know all about working without getting rich.

D. L. G. (Hull).—"My wife is always chipping me because of my lack of inches." For anyone who's short we recommend one of the big "Bullets" cheques on page 35. If you win a Holiday Prize you're sure to rise in your wife's estimation.

MINER (Wigan).—"So far as the depression in the collieries is concerned, bedrock has been reached." We had formed the same opinion from the stuff we keep on finding in our cellar.

T. O. (Slough).—"She asked me if I wanted to become her son-in-law. That was the last thing I wanted." You merely wanted to marry her daughter. We understand.

C. J. (Kirkby).—"Intelligence has reached me." Don't you believe it.

B. T. (Uxbridge).—"I believe in starting to learn everything from the bottom." Take up swimming.

HOMEBIRD (Barnes).—"When will road-hogs come to their senses?" When they start cutting out cutting in.

OLD SPORT (Brighton).—"When the pub closed we continued our political argument outside, and soon a crowd collected." An overflow meeting, evidently.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes, "Slips."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Diolite and Rustom Pasha seemed determined to BEAT EACH OTHER, and BOTH SUCCEEDED."

MY POCKET LIBRARY:—"Her hair was knotted up anyhow in an OLD COAT AND SKIRT and a FLOPPY HAT."

"OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS" (Novel):—"She shook her head, DRAWING HER MOUTH DOWN THROUGH THE GREY EYES BRIMMED WITH FUN."

ISLE OF MAN WEEKLY TIMES:—"His WIFE is a Norwegian young lady, and they WILL BE MARRIED on June 11."

SUNDAY STORIES:—"The MOONLIGHT choked back a cry of astonishment."

DAILY MAIL:—"The public were only admitted through a LOCKED front door."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Lady —— AND HER BRIDESMAIDS passed down the aisle on her father's ARM."

THE POST:—"A dozen men crammed into a PILLARBOX was a serious proposition.

DERBYSHIRE TIMES:—"Both were attired in yellow georgette with BLACK bouquets of RED roses."

THE JOURNAL (Lowestoft):—"Witness was present when he heard the KIPPER give the order."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"The Salvation Army Citadel Band will LAY in the gardens."

WALLASEY AND WIRRAL CHRONICLE:—"The public examination was adjourned. The Official DECEIVER intimating . . ."

CHUMS:—"The colonel listened with a smile upon his MOUSTACHE."

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

A DOUBLE DOSE

IT is never easy when ill-luck, sickness and poverty come all together. It is doubly hard when the holiday season is here and "all the world" seems bent on enjoying the summer sunshine and going merry-making.

By contrast, cases such as that of the mother whose portrait we give are heart-rending.

This mother is the wife of an ex-Service man, a hard-working labourer, who when in employment received wages of £2 16s. 7d. a week. Still, they "managed" to make ends meet.

"Suffering under the strain"

Think of it! For, in addition to father and mother, there are seven children, the eldest not yet eleven, to keep, and a weekly rent of 9s. 5d.

Last November the father suffered a severe foot injury whilst at work. Since then he has been unable to work, has been X-rayed five times, and is expecting to go into hospital for an operation. He is in constant and terrible pain.

The total income since the accident has been 30s. a week. Is it any wonder that rent is in arrears, that boots and shoes are needed, and the whole family is in want?

The mother is suffering under the strain from nervous breakdown.

If our happy holiday-makers would remember the old adage that "a meal unshared is a meal unblessed," and each send ever so small a thank-offering, "The Greatest of These—" Fund could lift the burden from the home we have pictured and many an aching heart beside.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. A. Creed (West Coker), £1; Mrs. Taylor (Slaithwaite), 6d.; H. C. (Hartlepool), 1s.; M. A. J. Sumner (Levenshulme), 2s.; A Silly Ass (Edinburgh), 1s.; Mother, 1s.; One Who Was Helped, 2s.; Anonymous, 2s. 6d.; Lily, 1s.; Lucky Toko (Birkenhead), 1s.; Faith, £1 1s.; Mary (Southport), 5s.; B. T., 2s. 6d.; Social Club, 1s. 6d.; Minty, 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 1s. 6d.; Billie, 4½d.; Noin (Glasgow), 1s.; Hope, 1s.; Lily (Harwich), 2s.; Anon., 6d.; S. Taylor (Taunton), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Manchester), 2s. 6d.; Smash Apple, 6d.; Blackburn, 6d.; "?," 2s. 7d.; Kitty and Cyril, 1s.; Lucky Toko (Birkenhead), 1s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; Frances (Bulford), 5s.; H. W. Rodwell (Camborne), £1; H. M. (Cardiff), 1s.; A. M. B., 1s.; H. Fraser (Africa), 6d.; Mrs. A. Vinter (Linthorpe), 1s.; Miss M. Parker (Sunderland), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. Suggars, 1s.; Mrs. A. Williams (Forest Gate), 2s. 6d.; Mother, 1s.; Stringer, 6d.; E. K. W., 6d.; Anon. (Cuckfield), 6d.; Hop, 2s.; Blenheim, 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Mrs. A. Clark (Ilford), 1s.; Optimist (Saltney), 1s.; Mrs. E. L. Cooper (Darwen), 1s.; A. C., 1s. 6d.; H. O. W., 2s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; E. H. (Frant), 5s.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 5s.; A. D. Ware, £1; The 9th, 3d.; W. Fox, 6d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 1s. 9d.; Bromley Reader, 2s.; Jumping Joshua, 2s.; J. N. A. (Liverpool), 2s.; J. S., 2s. 6d.; Thankful for Good Health, 2s. 6d.; Best of Luck (Handley), 3s.; Mary Thompson (Ripon), 5s.; Nicotine, £1 1s.; B. B. B., £1; British Workman, 1s. 6d.; B. Aytoun (Dalkeith), 1s.; Mrs. Gammon (Harrow Weald), 1s. 6d.; A Consistent Bulletin, 1s.; Kitty and Cyril, 1s.; "?" 2s 4½d; Anon. (Brighouse), 1s.; Mary Wynne (Brighton), 1s.; S. A. B. (Harpurhey), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (West Hartlepool), 2s.; Minetonka, 2s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Anon. (for a baby); Mrs. J. Saunders (Romford); Eastbourne; Mrs. E. Smith (Elterwater); Enfield, 15; A War Widow; Sympathy (Portslade); G. L. M. (Rayleigh); Anon.; Well-Wisher (Melton).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

The Candle of Death

"JOHN BULL'S" TIMELY AID!

THE Fire Demon has a number of deadly weapons with which to deal his cruellest blows. He will set a home ablaze and do irreparable damage or, as in the case we report here, he will deal death as well as destruction.

It should be remembered that "John Bull's" Free Insurance covers the reader against both these Fire risks.

£100 "I was downstairs smoking my pipe," says Mr. W. C. Davies, 21, Lowther Street, Briton Ferry, Glamorgan, "when I heard groans. Rushing upstairs I found my wife a mass of flames. It is surmised that she had brushed her clothes against the candle." Her burns proved fatal. "John Bull" has dispatched to Mr. Davies a cheque for £100.

£100 Another cheque for a similar amount has been sent to Mrs. Murray, 28, George Street, Houghton-le-Spring, whose husband fell downstairs, his injuries proving fatal.

FIRE—UP to £400

Owing to lack of space we can give the names of a few only of those who have received cheques on account of Fire damage.

BRADLEY, NR. BILSTON.—Mr. R. Morgan, 11, Bk., 12, Hall Green St.
BRADLEY, NR. BILSTON, STAFFS.—Mrs. S. A. Ruby, 70, Wesley St.
CROWLE, DONCASTER.—Mrs. G. Seaton, Brewery Rd.
CIRENCESTER.—Mr. R. Painter, 32, Mill Lane, Stratton.
LYMM, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. E. Cadman, White Cottages, Crouchley Lane.
PENDLETON, MANCHESTER.—Mr. H. Stretton, 14, Temperance, Place.
PLAYDON-ON-TYNE.—Mr. E. Spoor, 69, Edward St.
SHERWOOD RISE, NOTTINGHAM.—A. F. Clement, 107, Exeter Rd.
REDRUTH, CORNWALL.—Mr. H. J. Kimber, 19, North Close.
BOLTON, LANCS.—Mrs. M. Ward, 48, Kay St.
BARRINGTON.—Mrs. A. Feckie, 14, Christian St.
ASHINGTON, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. H. Gladstone, 45, Newbiggin Rd.
ST. HELENS.—Mrs. A. E. Jones, 9, Elephant Lane, Thatto Heath.
FRASERBURGH.—Mr. A. D. Middleton, 8, Castle Lane.
NEWCASTLE.—Mr. T. Tulip, Harlow Hill, Stamfordham.
SITTINGBOURNE.—Mrs. Vaughan, 42, Unity St.
SHEPHERD'S BUSH, W.12.—Miss F. M. Campbell, 2, Woodstock Rd.
MORETONHAMPSTEAD, DEVON.—Mrs. A. Collacott, 4, Cross St.
SILKSWORTH, SUNDERLAND.—Mr. J. W. Collinson, 24, Wilson Terr.
GEORGETOWN, MERTHYR.—Mr. C. E. Law, 8, Section House.
CARMARTHEN.—Mr. W. J. Beynon, 22, St. David's St.
LEEDS.—Mrs. J. Ellison, 24, Walmsley Rd.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. S. Jordan, 14, Beacon St., Springfields.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. Taylor, 197, Prescot Rd., Old Swan.
NEW SILKSWORTH, SUNDERLAND.—Mr. J. Fraser, 74, Castlereagh St.
DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. T. Muir, 33, Dundonald Terr., Low Valley Field.
PENYBRYN, GELLIGAER.—Mr. E. Evans, 24, Cylla St.
ROCKLEY, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. E. Williams, 298, Park Rd.
CWM, RHYMNEY.—Mrs. L. J. Langdon, 72, Curre St.
DOVER.—Mrs. E. Webb, 4, Clarence St.
ABERDEEN.—Mrs. G. Cowling, 13, Menzies Rd.
CAERPHILLY, S.E.5.—Mr. P. A. Pressney, 37, Wyndham Rd.
TREFORFST.—Mrs. C. Bevan, 167, Wood Rd.
NORTH, S.O.—Miss J. Evans, Gregson House, Ynysbas.
STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. A. Lancaster, Wood St., Meir Hop.
CANRAU, NR. BRIDGEND.—Mr. W. Williams, 16, Treharne Rd.
PENTRE BROUGHTON, NR. WREXHAM.—Mrs. D. Gronnow, 17, Pisgah Hill.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. F. Andrews, 3, Summerland Place.
DOWLAIS, MERTHYR.—Mrs. E. A. Jones, 39, Rhen Dowlais St.
WEST HARTLEPOOL.—Mr. A. Smith, 3, Essex St.
BELLSHILL, LANARKS.—Mrs. G. Wallace, 79, North 3rd.
OLDHAM.—Mr. J. H. Neal, 46, Newark St.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" Covers You Free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 12/7/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B., 12/7/30.

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PICTURE TEACHING
CORRECT SPEECH AND HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH
AND
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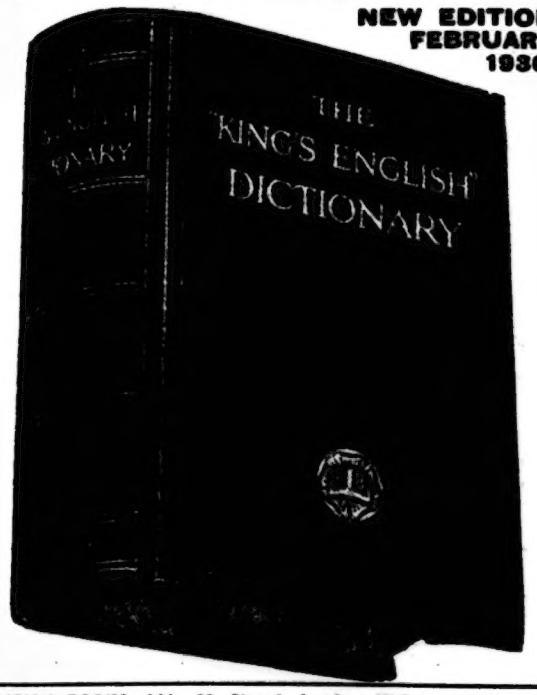
Crossword Enthusiasts should have this Book.



NEW EDITION FEBRUARY 1930.

Five Days' FREE Examination.

Messrs. BRITISH BOOKS, Ltd., 96, Strand, London, W.C.2.
Please send to me THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY (New Edition) on approval for 5 days' FREE examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or if I decide to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2/6, and ten further, monthly payments of 3/-, to complete the price of 32/6.

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THE PERFECT BIKE

THE Graves 3-Speed Model, Lady's or Gent's, is the greatest Cycle Bargain ever offered to the riding public. Every improvement worth having is built into this magnificent machine—Dunlop Roadster Tyres, Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed, Middlemore Saddle, Renold Chain, everything first-class. Price £6. Send 8/- now & 6/- monthly. Catalogue Free. Single Speed Model £4:10 at 6/- monthly. 30 years reputation for honest dealing.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

TURN TO THE SHAVEX ZEE-KOL

Advert. on page 31.

Several Trial Offers appear in it!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

'NONE CAN BEAT IT' . . . I am lost without my JOHN BULL Pen in spite of having tried many others since the nib was broken. None can beat my old JOHN BULL pen.—Miss M. ROBSON, 19, West View, Templetown, Consett, Co. Durham

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, heavily plated complete with re-tills. With each pen is presented a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil Free. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.

'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance / & Co. / (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Be on the "Bullets" Belle!
£19 £18 £16 £13 £11 £10 2 OF £5
80 EXCURSION FARES OF 12/6
£20 2nd PRIZE £25 3rd PRIZE £50 £17 £14 £15 £12 £9 £8 £7 £6
£350
'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
500 OF 2/6
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

BIGGER 'BULLETS' FIRST AND 100 HOLIDAY PRIZES!

TAKE A "JOHN BULL" HOLIDAY!

THERE is room for 100 competitors on JOHN BULL's Holiday charabanc this week—and you can be amongst them!

An increased First Prize of £350 awaits your *Bullets*, followed by 99 other big must-be-won cheques ranging from £50 downwards. Put your names on one of these handsome cheques by using to good advantage one or more of the coupons provided.

To make a *Bullet* you have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* on this page.

To give you an idea of what is wanted, suppose you selected the *Example* LANDLADY'S HARVEST, the addition of the words GATHERED WITH CARVING KNIFE would complete a typical *Bullet*.

You have one week only to take your place amongst the 100 Holiday Prize-winners in this contest. Enter by Saturday, July 19, if you want a seat on the *Bullets* Belle!

P.S.—Are you taking *Bullets Bulletin* regularly each week? It's the finest tonic a competitor could have—and it's free! See offer below coupons.

£807 10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 764:

Mrs. E. Nisbet, Wickham Bishops, Witham, Essex.
Example:—SHOWS WHAT HE'S WORTH
Bullet:—INQUIRING WHAT *She's* WORTH.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. W. E. Platt, 8, Killarney Road, Old Swan, Liverpool.
Example:—Unchecked
Bullet:—Unemployment—It's "All Wrong."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. H. Austin, 28, Gowlett Rd., Peckham, S.E.
Example:—Girl In The Chorus
Bullet:—Of Voters, *Has* "Voice."

20 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

W. H. BAKER, 13, Manor Road, Chelmsford, Essex.
All At Sea—Since Father's Lost "Mate."

A. C. R. BEVAN, 9 Fairoak Avenue, Newport, Mon.
Mr. Dreamer—Far Away—In Way.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

R. COLES, 68, Kelmscott Road, Battersea, London, S.W.
Wicked—"Crime," Nobody "Reconstructs"—Slum.

Mrs. EDWARDS, 12, Cairns Road, Bristol.
Mr. Dreamer Rumination His Ruination:

Mrs. H. GAZE, The Grange, Aldeby, Beccles, Suffolk.
Taken In—Britain, By Her "Boarders."

H. GOFTON, 6 The Gardens, Filey.
Shows What He's Worth—Shows Fight—Hides "Struggle."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

R. A. HAMILTON, 46, Bradburn Road, Irlam.
Taken In—Unemployed—They're Not "Absorbed."

A. HARMER, 3, Carlton Row, Brighton.
Word Of Warning — Often Doctor's Best "Prescription."

F. HOLMESON, Rose and Crown, Skipton.
Rising—Unemployment, Will "Take Seats."

H. KENDALL, 11, Marlborough Road, Ealing, W.
A Shilling On—Soles, Better Than "Hoofs."

S. LUCAS, 367, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.
With Spade In Hand—Practising Golf—Club, Digging!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

R. MILNE, c/o Jamieson, 18, Nellfield Place, Aberdeen.
Master Of The House — "Speaker," But Not "Mr."

J. J. MUNDAY, Coopersale, Epping.
Wealth—"Embarrassment" Making *Others* "Red."

F. SELBY, 1, King's Road, Mortlake, S.W.
All At Sea—Pedestrians Bathing—"Dodging Speed-boats!

J. A. SHAW, Glengarry, Hoo, Rochester.
What The Tripper Said—"Man Overboard? He's Lucky!"

W. SINNETT, 24, Duncombe Road, Liverpool.
He Could Talk, But — "Tongue" Didn't Save "Boot."

A. SMITH, 23, Kirkham Rd., Bradford, Yorks.
Girl In The Chorus—Good Enough—Conditions, "Wicked."

J. WALLEY, 14, Malkin Street, Burslem.
With Spade In Hand — Let Unemployed "Write Name."

T. WEST, 14 (?), Marine Drive, Hartlepool.
Girl In The Chorus—"Flower," Longing For Bouquets.

T. J. WHITE, 248, Coteford St., London, S.W.
Thanks To The Band—Old Stager, Stage Younger.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.
A list of 50 £5 and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

Advance details for Competition No. 768.
First prize of £400—Holiday Cheques of £50—£40—£30—£20—5 of £10—10 of £5—100 "Bullets" Surprises—50 prizes of 10s.—500 of 2s. 6d.—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

War On Unemployment—Other Countries—Wise Worker—Left Standing—If I'm Not Mistaken—Must Go—Into The World—Clipping Our Wings—Ignorance—In Public Life—Unity—As It Should Be—Time-honoured Custom—Man With Brains—It May Seem Silly, But—Astonishing Feat—Complaining—Plain Jane—The Secret—Mass Production—Common Justice—Still—No One Can Say—Unrivalled—Doing His Dammdest—By All—A Clarion Call—Shows He's A Friend—In Vain—How To Get Trade—Bursting With Pride—Thanks to Whitehall.

(Closing Saturday, July 26.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 767

PARLIAMENT'S SITTING, BUT	LANDLADY'S HARVEST	WHAT SHE TALKS ABOUT
NEARLY	SWALLOWED UP	NO HOLIDAY
RETURNING UNEXPECTEDLY	SHAKING HANDS	AMIABLY
AN ORDEAL	UNKNOWN TO ALL	FRUITFUL SOIL
ALL QUIET	IN ONE ROOM	UNIQUE
HITTING OUT	AS IT HAPPENED	A FOOL'S ERRAND
STARTLING DISCOVERY	WITH A PINCH OF SALT	COOL, CALM AND COLLECTED
FULL VALUE	I MIGHT HAVE WON IF	ENGAGED COUPLE
GLOWING TRIBUTE	TRANSFORMED	NOT OFTEN
DOING SOMETHING	THE WRECKAGE	AT MRS. GRUNDY'S FUNERAL
MORE THAN WE KNOW	AMONGST	

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 19
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(767) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 19
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(767) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 19
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(767) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. July 19
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(767) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 767, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

The original cheque for £400 awarded to the First Prize-winner in 'Bullets" No. 763 will be displayed in the window of Mr. G. Ingils, 75, Cambridge Street, Glasgow.

Any reader can obtain a free copy of *Bullets Bulletin*, our weekly help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Prizes in Competition No. 757 have purchased "John Bull."

It's Safe—It's Sure, that's why the most popular tooth cleaner is

Gibbs Dentifrice

Gibbs Dentifrice is always safe—always sure. It cleans thoroughly. Because it is the best of all for all ages; men, women and children all over the country use Gibbs—the British Dentifrice in preference to any paste or powder.

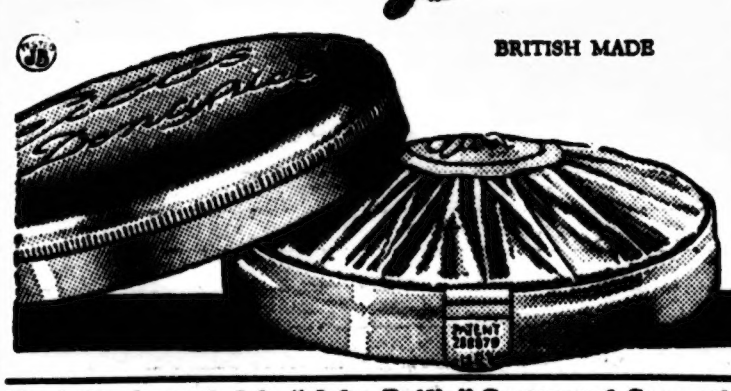
All the decay-causing deposits on all the surfaces of the teeth are dissolved and washed quickly away. Gentle polishing brings out the lovely, natural pearly lustre of healthy teeth. There's no risk of scratch.

Use Gibbs Dentifrice regularly at least twice daily.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

BRITISH MADE



Popular size 7½d.; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d.

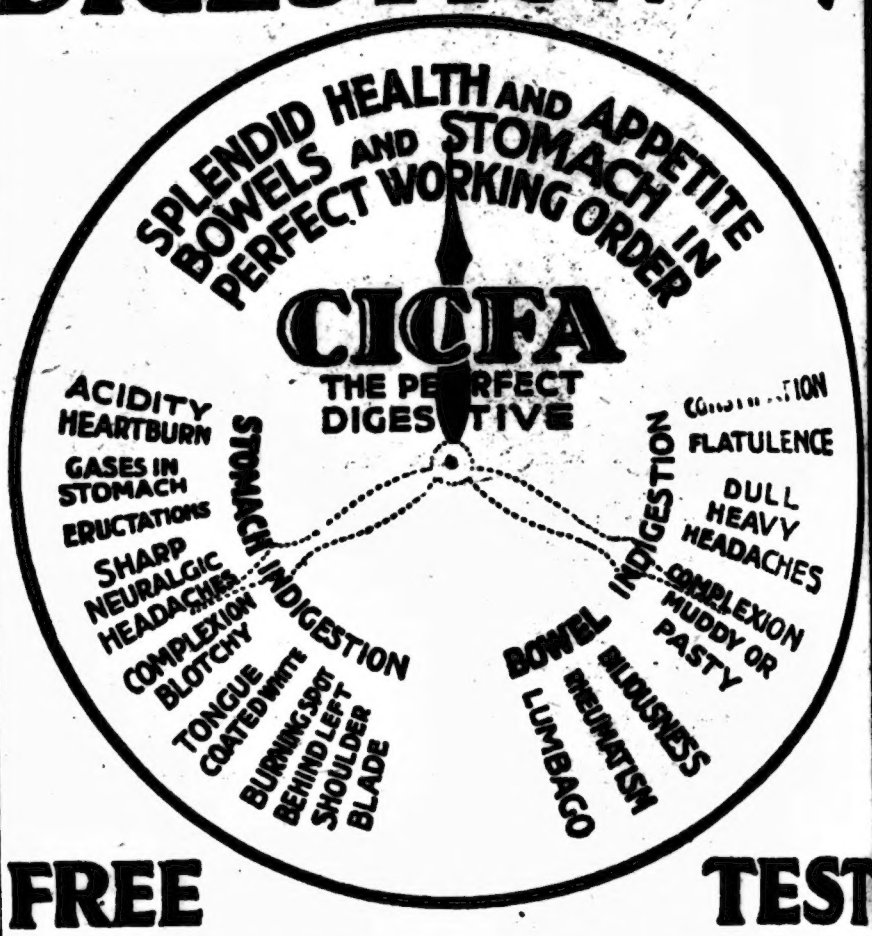
For those who prefer a paste, Gibbs Dental Cream—in Tubes 6d. and 1/-

(These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.)

D & W. GIBBS Ltd. LONDON, E.1.

G.D. 418

HOW IS YOUR DIGESTION Today?



FREE TEST

A free public test is to be made to-day by all readers of this paper who have not yet tried Cicfa, to enable them to prove its digestion-regenerating value for themselves—FREE.

THE SECRET

Very few people know that there are two forms of Indigestion—STOMACH Indigestion and BOWEL Indigestion. **In three cases of digestive disorder out of four it is in the Bowel that the seat of the trouble lies.** At the same time, a long-standing case of Bowel trouble will affect the Stomach, and the whole digestive system of the sufferer will thus be deranged.

A TWO-IN-ONE REMEDY

A remedy which can relieve digestive disorders or weakness—even in the most chronic and stubborn forms—is one which will relieve not only Stomach Indigestion, but Bowel Indigestion as well. This is where the ordinary palliatives and purgatives always fail. *The remedy which performs this double service is Cicfa, and that is why it produces such remarkable results.*

WHAT CICFA DOES

Cicfa contains certain selected digestive ferments which ensure complete digestion of the Albuminous foods in the Stomach and of the Starchy foods in the Bowel. Further, *it rapidly restores the digestive glands of both Stomach and Bowel to perfect health and efficiency.*

A GOOD SQUARE MEAL

No longer need you deprive yourself of all your favourite dishes for fear of suffering agonies from Indigestion afterwards. **This unique combination of digestive ferments enables you to digest and extract the entire nourishment from everything you eat.** Your appetite returns, and with your digestive organs restored by Cicfa you can sit down and thoroughly enjoy a good square meal.

Holidays, *with travelling, visiting or eating away from home often cause Constipation.*

THAT IS NOT THE LIVER—IT IS INDIGESTION. *Take Cicfa.*

SOLD EVERYWHERE. PRICE 1/3 and 3/-

TEST CICFA FREE

Send your name and address with this coupon, and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, DUKE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

JOHN BULL, JULY 12, 1930

£550 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 69.

In the above Competition solutions containing one error each were received from the following six competitors to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £85 6s. 8d. will be despatched.

G. Abbott, 8, South Road, St. Denys, Southampton; J. C. Bourne, 2, Moorlands Avenue, Kenilworth, Warwick; A. Dearing, 8, The Avenue, Crescent Street, Cottingham, Hull; Miss L. M. Gibson, 8, Cambridge Road, Southend-on-Sea; Mrs. E. Parkinson, Sunnyside, May Lane, Ringway, Altrincham; B. Rushin, 11, Bradford Road, Brixton, S.W.2.

Solutions containing two errors each were received from the following 62 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving £16s. 2d.:—

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